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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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THE SOUTH-WEST OF SCOTLAND is comparatively unknown to touring motorists, and for that reason alone warrants closer examination by those who like to get off the more frequented roads. Certainly I would not advocate anyone taking the A.74 Carlisle–Glasgow road, which is often unpleasant with heavy industrial traffic. A much more pleasant way is to go via Gretna–Dumfries, Castle Douglas–Gatehouse-of-Fleet, Newton Stewart–Turnberry, and follow the coastline up the Firth of Clyde.

Good hotels are few, but at Gatehouse-of-Fleet we discovered the Murray Arms, once a Posting Inn where Robert Burns wrote "Scots Wha Hae," which is admirably located for a meal or the night. Re-acquired, redecorated and modernised by the lairds of the local Cally Estate, The Murray Arms now conveys more of the atmosphere of a country house than of a busy roadside inn. Apart from such modern comforts as h. and c., adequate heating, lighting and plumbing, the passing traveller will experience a restfulness and a standard of catering which—making use of local farm and garden produce—is above the average.

Before leaving Gatehouse-of-Fleet I should also make mention—although I have not stayed or had a meal there as yet—of The Cally Hotel, whose entrance gates are by the main road on the outskirts of the village. Through very fine grounds, a mile-long drive brings one to this impressive mansion of seventy-seven bedrooms with everything laid on for holiday enjoyment. One particular feature is a wing almost entirely devoted to children's rooms, each with two bunks (one above the other) and every bedroom door a different colour—so much easier for children to remember than a room number! Actually, this Cally Hotel is a family one in a big way, for, as a contrast to the needs of children, ground-floor bedrooms are available with easy access for wheel-chairs for the elderly and disabled.

Nineteen miles from Gatehouse one comes to Newton Stewart, where one can either continue to Stranraer or cut across to Girvan, and so up the coast. Five miles north of Girvan is one of Scotland's two five-star appointed hotels—The Turnberry.

One of the British Transport Commission Hotels, Turnberry has much to attract the golfer and the tourist. Two fine courses—the Ailsa and the Arran—lie between the hotel and the sandy beach, and the major attractions of the surrounding district are Culzean Castle (with President Eisenhower's apartment) and Burns' Cottage, for the famous poet was an Ayrshire man.

Inside the hotel several luxury features caught our eye—an indoor swimming-pool, two hairdressing salons, a sportswear shop and several large family suites. From this you will gather that British Transport hotel services have made sure that as many amenities as possible are available to guests, and we found both the cuisine and the service had received the same careful attention to detail.

Passing on through Ayr, we come to Troon, where we have two recommended hotels—The Marine Hotel and The Sun Court Hotel.

The outside appearance of The Marine gives no clue to the immense amount of work that has been done to the interior, but the moment one enters, it is apparent that the directorate have given a great deal of thought and time to the contemporary layout of this gay, modern hotel.

Glass doors to the dining-room and lounge provide, on one side, a view of a spacious restaurant conspicuous with its fresh linen and bright atmosphere and, on the other, a light and airy lounge with attractive stonework and large windows looking over golf course and sea.

The driving force behind The Marine is Keith Vilvandre, the Resident Director, who has seen to it that the kitchens are of the same standard as the front of the house. He rightly appreciates that the hotel's reputation for first-class cuisine and efficient service depends on the maintenance of good equipment and comfortable working conditions.

The Sun Court Hotel, situated in Crosbie Road, with golf courses on three sides and a sandy beach within 200 yards, has a dual appeal; originally built as a luxury private house, it is now run as a comfortable hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hamilton.

Good food and friendly hospitality go hand in hand at Sun Court; certainly we enjoyed a most excellent dinner when we stayed the night. Fresh flowers on the dining-room tables and sparkling china and cutlery epitomise the interest and individuality expressed throughout the hotel. Two lounges, a garden room and a cocktail bar give ample accommodation on the ground floor, while the walled garden at the side of the hotel ensures warmth for afternoon tea on the lawn.

The airport at Prestwick is close by, so, apart from the attraction for holidays, Sun Court should also be remembered as a good transit hotel for, like The Marine, it is open the year round.

The sea is close at hand nearly all the way from Stranraer to Gourock, but as you approach the Clyde Estuary, the shipping, island ferries and yachts become more numerous. At Skelmorlie, standing back from the road, we discovered The Manor Park Hotel, well placed to enjoy the panorama of movement, for the hotel faces the Clyde and looks over to the hills of Bute and Argyll beyond.

Once a private house, a hospital during the war and then a youth hostel, we owe our thanks to Mr. J. M. MacLaurin for the luxury note he has struck in converting it into an hotel. Every bedroom has interior-heated mattresses, a radio and an electric fire without meter, and fitted carpets, four private bathrooms and good quality furniture throughout, hence its increasing popularity among overseas visitors and local business executives. A cocktail bar (note the cleverly-made wooden map behind the counter), two lounges and spotless cloakrooms convinced us that Manor Park was an hotel that none of our readers visiting Scotland should miss.

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The SPHERE, London, August 30, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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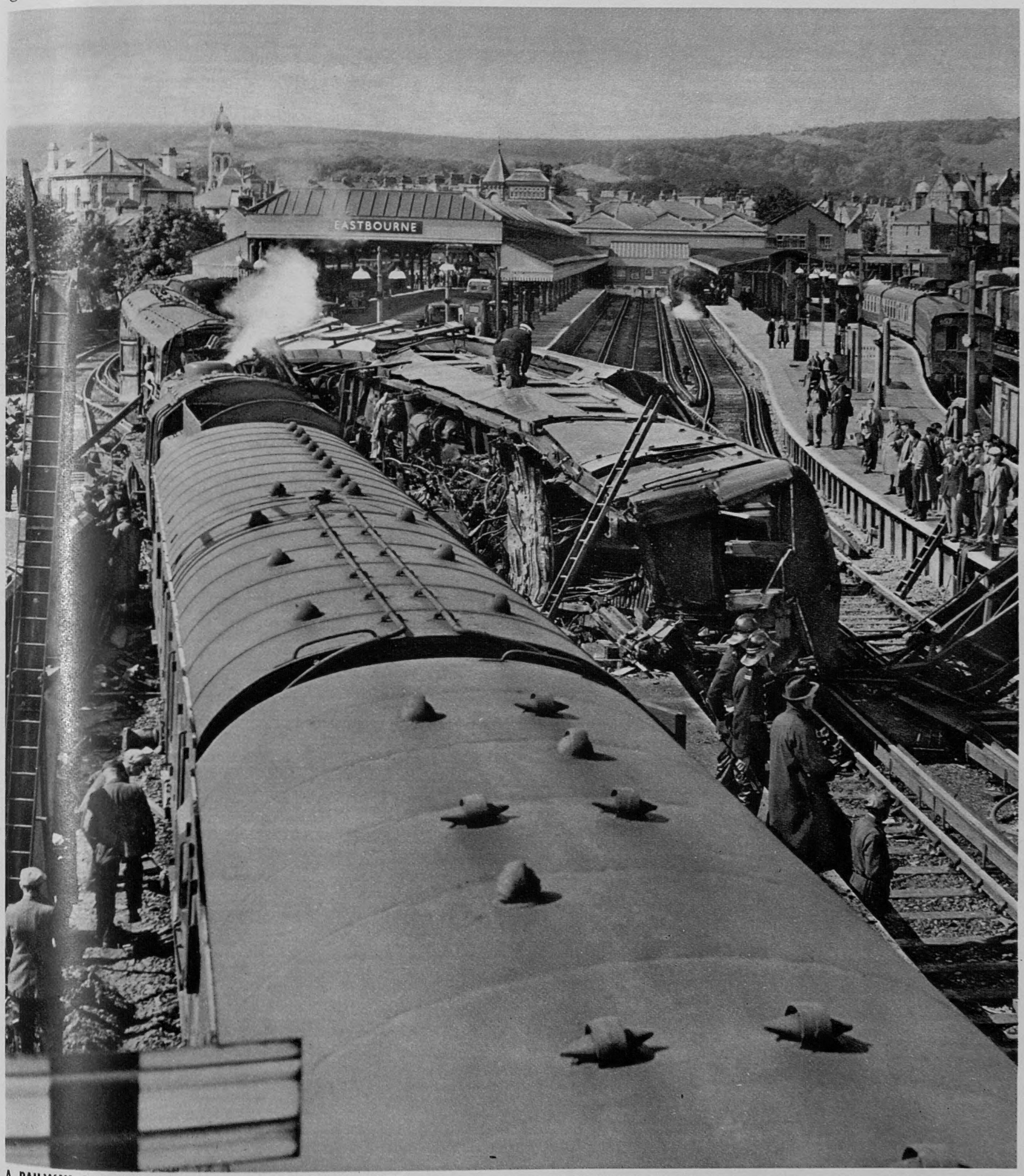

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES IN SUSSEX—TWO TRAINS COLLIDE IN EASTBOURNE STATION : Across the lines lies the twisted metal of the first two coaches of an electric train. From the left foreground are seen the tops of two coaches and the locomotive of the overnight steam train from Glasgow, which crashed into the electric train as it was about to leave for London Bridge last Monday morning. First reports gave the casualty roll as at least five people killed.

In the first three weeks of August there were four serious accidents involving trains on the Southern Region. The most serious of these was at Eastbourne early last Monday morning, when an overnight train from Glasgow, bringing holidaymakers and their cars to the South Coast, crashed head-on into the 7.25 a.m. electric train crowded with passengers for London Bridge. At least five were killed and twenty-one injured. At 7.28 a.m., the electric train was about to leave platform 4 when the steam train ploughed into it; the latter was due to arrive at the same platform just after the departure of the 7.25. Eye-witnesses said that the first coach of the electric train was hurled high in the air and hit part of a signal gantry. The second coach was flung on its side and crashed on to the platform. In the list of those reported killed was the motorman of the electric train, and among those injured were the driver and fireman of the Glasgow train. Eastbourne Station, which is a terminus, was closed, as the signals serving the station were badly damaged. The Glasgow train was a special sleeper service started on May 29, carrying twenty cars and eighty passengers overnight to Eastbourne.

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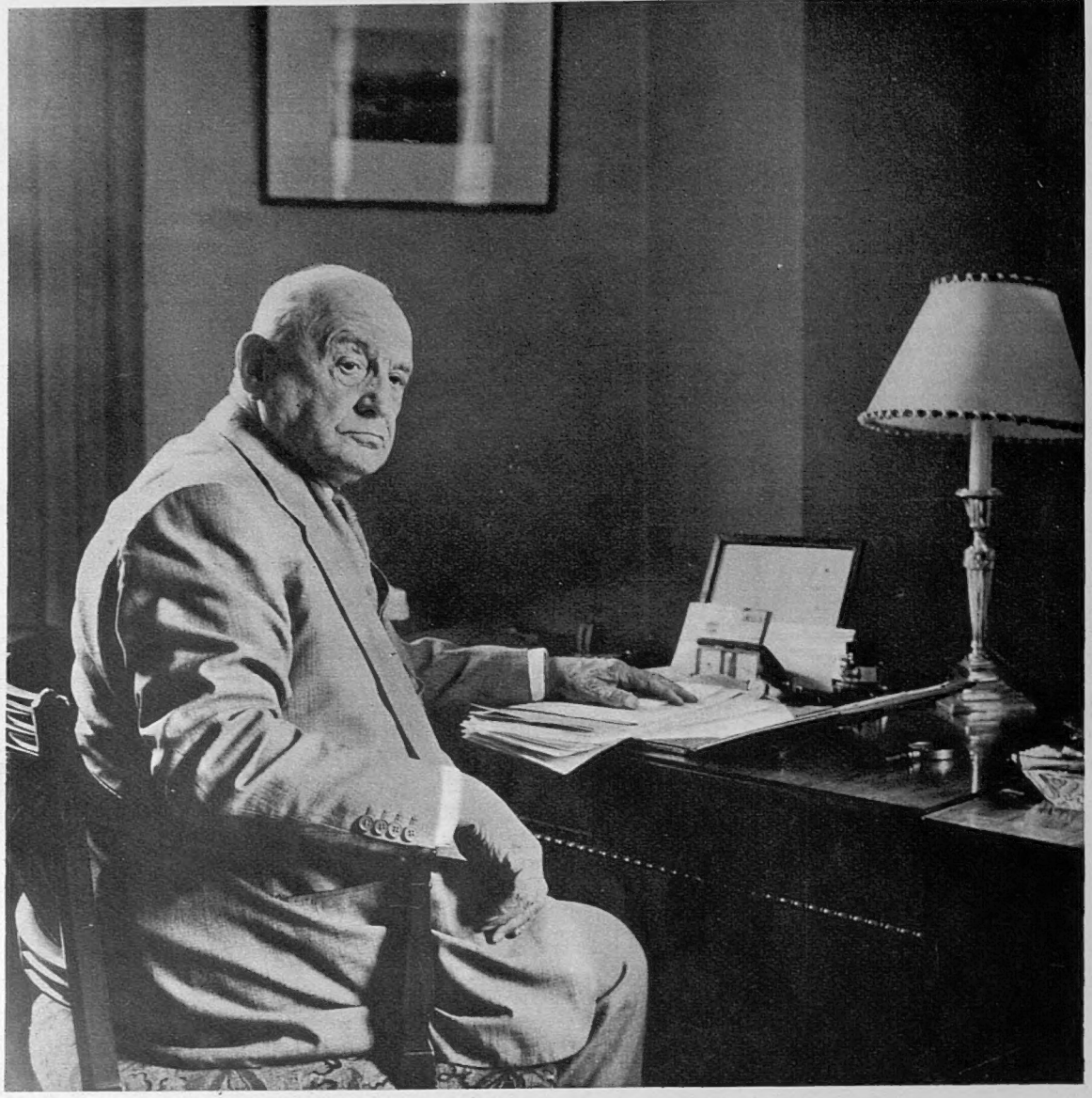

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND RESIGNS: This special study of Lord Goddard was taken last week after the announcement that "The Queen has been graciously pleased" to accept his retirement, which will take place on September 29. Lord Goddard, who is eighty-one, was appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1946, after he had been a Lord Justice of Appeal from 1938 to 1944, and a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary from 1944 to 1946.

PRINCESS MARGARET JOINS THE ROYAL FAMILY: She arrives at Perth during her journey from London to join members of her family at Balmoral. On the day after her arrival the Princess celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Formosa in Danger.—Chiang and his Government seem to grow increasingly anxious about the military activities and concentrations on the Communist mainland over against Formosa. Air skirmishes and local bombardments off the Fukien coast are no new thing, but Chiang's intelligence services report massive concentrations of Communist air forces on the Formosa Strait coastline and reasonably argue that these movements can only prelude an attack on Quemoy or Formosa itself in the not distant future. Such action, if decided on, would produce in the U.N. a sensation quite as big as the recent debate on the Middle East and hardly less embarrassing, and Mr. Dulles, for once, might find himself hailed as a far-sighted prophet and a consistent world statesman. As for General Chiang, he might find himself back where he once stood, a personality and not a cipher such as even his allies have come to regard him, a mere name which stood (and stands) for a principle half-forgotten and three-parts written off as an old dream—Communist China's more aggressive tone is giving concern to greater powers than Chiang's Government, even Russia. She appears to have out-paced the Russian steamroller and to have given Mr. Khrushchev the impression that she may grow bored with the cold war before the time for hotting-up is ripe.

"Quis Custodiet?"—The Select Committee on Estimates periodically issues reports on its investigations into Government spending and so on, and follows it up with recommendations for improvement. The vast bulk of those recommendations gather dust, with the reports, in official files. The public who read the reports are sometimes shocked by revelations of the millions of money thrown away, of the fantastic discrepancies between forecasts by Departments of what some necessary work will cost and its actual cost when completed. Take, for example, the matter of re-fitting the aircraft-carrier *Victorious*. "Under £10,000,000," was the original Admiralty estimate. The cost proved to be twice that sum, a little error of £10,000,000. Over all these matters, the Treasury "exercises control." The Select Committee investigated the nature of this control. It found soon enough that it would be "an abuse of language" to use the word "control" for a method of safeguarding public expenditure which possessed no system, followed no precedents gained from experience, and in scientific and technical matters does not stoop to seeking advice from experts. The Select Committee, therefore, humbly suggested that a small and independent committee should be set up to examine (and report) on the theory and practice of Treasury control. I should say quite certainly that this proposed independent Committee will never issue a report or make a recommendation doomed to gather dust with the latest Select Committee's report (and recommendations). It will never be set up. The Treasury will see to that. For one thing, it asks too much. It asks for access to Cabinet papers. True, Privy Councillors in office have access to Cabinet papers, and the whole body of Privy Councillors, in or out of office, public or private men, are supposed to be, as Caesar's wife should be, above suspicion; and an independent committee of experts might, I suppose, be chosen from that body. But perhaps Privy Councillors not in the Government are not judged so reliable as those in office.

Filed for Reference.—Be that as it may, we can rest assured that while the periodic reports and recommendations of the Select Committee continue to gather dust in official filing-cabinets, their latest child, an independent committee to examine Treasury control methods, will have no chance to issue a dust-gathering report. Treasury control will go on as it is. "By and large" (and mostly large) it works pretty well. £2,000,000 here, £10,000,000 there, probably tot up to less than £100,000,000 in a full year, and that isn't a great matter in a £5,000,000,000 national Budget. And, anyway, is there alive a David rash enough to throw a stone at the Goliath which knows all the answers and handles all the dough? *Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.* We buckle on the yoke again and pay for and look pleasant over a few trivial errors in calculation every year. We do not live under a Gladstonian order of Treasury control. Taking care of the pence is *out*. The lowest common denominator is £100,000,000 or thereabouts.

Crime Statistics in London.—If the Home Secretary has sometimes found that crime statistics are not very helpful with his job, he must feel some concern over some of the provable items in Sir John Nott-Bower's latest and last report on crime in the London area last year. A substantial increase in all forms of crime for the second year running has brought the crime wave back again towards the peaks of 1945-48. Thefts of all kinds amounted to a sum of £6,500,000, and two-thirds of that sum were never recovered. Of the twenty-nine murders, eight remained unsolved. "Wounding" has increased by 46 per cent. over 1954. Robberies and assaults were 60 per cent. higher than in 1954. Of the 30,000 suspects arrested, 37 per cent. had criminal records. Over 13,000 young persons were apprehended last year, mostly males. In the seventeen–twenty age group, those arrested provided an increase of 30 per cent. above 1956. The Metropolitan Police forces are still 3,000 under strength. There seems a strong case for using the men in blue for matters of more importance than detecting parking and litter offences until the wave of serious crime declines. There seems to be a strong argument for recruiting and regularly employing on minor duties a larger body of special constables. No doubt inducements would have to be found for them, but while the present criminal activities remain at peak, the cost would be justified.

A Roman Holiday.—If London during the August Bank Holidays "did as the Romans do," then indeed London would be the ideal place for August Bank Holiday. Rome has a population of 2,000,000. Of these *three-quarters* left the eternal city for the seaside. In Milan, the city was even more empty. Imagine the conditions if London followed suit and got rid of a similar proportion of its inhabitants. The roads to the coast would be a solid stationary block from the centre along every road from Southend to Plymouth. Two million motorists would sleep by the roadside. The first million would be lucky if they found standing room on the beaches, or food for a single meal. Central London would be paradise indeed, but paradise lost to the countrymen who had jumped at the chance of seeing London for once in comfort—a city of the dead. Few of them would succeed in reaching it, threading their way through the treble banks of outward-bound traffic. What a holiday for the A.A. men, the traffic cops and the ambulance men. What a paradise for the Londoner who stayed at home. You can get a microscopic idea of the conditions almost any Saturday or early closing day when a small town empties to travel a few miles to its nearest beach in July or August. On the whole, we are wise not to do as the Romans do on August Bank Holidays.

Rose, Lady Headfort.—The first Gaiety musical I saw was *The Messenger Boy*, and in it Rosie Boote crowned her short and brilliant success there and *Maisie* was whistled in the Strand and in the private

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INFORMAL OCCASIONS DURING THE ROYAL FAMILY'S HOLIDAY: *Left*—The Duke of Edinburgh follows the Prince of Wales, who is carrying a miniature cromag (shepherd's walking-stick) which was presented to him at Gairlochy, at the foot of Loch Lochy, in Inverness-shire, by Donald Angus, a son of Cameron of Lochiel. Earlier, the Royal Family had stepped ashore from the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Fort William to make a twelve-mile car journey to Gairlochy on the way to Balmoral Castle for their summer holiday. *Right*—The Queen and Prince Philip walk up the jetty at Applecross to visit the home of Major and Mrs. John Wills, friends of the Royal Family.

chools for months on end. Those were the days when he stage-doorkeeper was kept busy (and rich) each night fter the show, when the young guardees and the "Johnnies" aited, or passed inside, to secure a supper date with one r other of the galaxy of beauty in the lead or in the chorus. nd what a galaxy they were—despite their ugly frocks—ho won their way from chorus to star parts and onwards, r directly to the British peerage. "So Molly married he marquis, what a thing to do!" and the first of these tage alliances were society sensations and bitterly opposed y the older generation. Many of these stage-peerage arriages turned out for the best. Lady Headfort never ttempted to return to her Gaiety triumphs and made ord Headfort an admirable and level-headed wife. ertainly, her new relations soon came to like her, respect er and be grateful to her. In her long life, she did a reat deal of good; uncountable kind actions flowed from sympathetic heart, and she never suffered her head to e turned by her success on the stage or her position in dwardian society.

Under a Blanket.—No doubt there are no uch things as weather records and no harvests so bad ut they might have been worse. All that we endure in he way of bad weather and doleful summers can find its arallel in the past, despite the statistical assurances of all-me records. Records must be reserved for the speed of uman beings and engines, and they cease to be records lmost before they are acclaimed. But I am interested the weather, and for decades have kept "records" of , and I cannot find a parallel to the present summer or, particular, to this August to date. We have had wetter ummers and colder summers, but seldom, I think, more nless, or so many continuous days under a tepid blanket of wet mist, and most people will agree that perpetual drizzle is more damping than periodic cloudbursts or frequent bouts of heavy rain. Certainly in the south and west the prospects of gathering in an adequate grain harvest look grim enough to-day. The harvest is hardly begun, long stalked grain is in many areas badly laid and the weight of water is as much responsible as strong winds. For comfort, one knows what one sunny day, even in late August, can do to change the scene from grave to gay, from despair to hope; and one can also recall that Highland farmers cope with such conditions most years and somehow survive and even thrive. Indeed, I dare say this miserable summer has hit hardest the cricketers and seaside landladies and the heroes of open-air theatres.

The Moon and Sixpence.—Excitement mounted at Jodrell Bank as the great telescope waited in tip-top form to track the first moon rocket from America at the week-end before last. But the moon rejected the proffered call with a curt "not at home." Perhaps she was annoyed at the use of her name to describe people of unsound mind on the earth's face. Be that as it may,

> The moon was shining sulkily because it thought the sun
> Had got no business to be there after the summer's done.

We had come to the same conclusion and were agreeably surprised to observe that strange ball in the sky for a great part of two consecutive days. We had most of us forgotten when last the same phenomenon was observed. But, despite the sun, autumn was in the air and autumn and summer are as different as chalk from cheese. We may yet enjoy some golden days before winter, but they won't be summer, though none the worse for that. St. Luke or St. Martin can provide the year's most enchanting days. They may yet come. But life and weather are uncertain and I record my thanks to Providence or chance which enabled me to watch pleasant cricket (as she should be played) for two consecutive hours in 1958 for the expenditure of 6d. and cheap at the price.

"As You Were."—I hardly like to mention again so soon Little Rock, capital city of the Sovereign State of Arkansas. Nevertheless, it has not taken very long to hear of a reversal of that district judge's order suspending for two-and-a-half years the admission of Negro children to the Central High School at Little Rock. A U.S. circuit court of appeals last week ordered the resumption there of racial integration. Seven judges formed the court and one of them declared: "The time has not yet come in these United States when an order of the Federal Court may be whittled away." And (at the moment of writing) that goes for the Sovereign State of Arkansas. But Governor Faubus is said to have another shot in his political locker. Not that those United States or their judicatures have any monopoly of stop-and-go and quick-change and reversal of policy. *Cosi fan tutte*. Homo Sapiens "is not to be druv." He dislikes authority and is determined to have his way. The busmen are to work to rule again (or aren't they?). And with atom tests to be resumed, autumn prospects suggest the mixture as before in all departments and spheres of our muddled, Bedlamite way of life. As my former yeomanry squadron-leader once ordered: "Prepare to mount—or, better still, *don't*." But the M.C.C. decision on Wardle seems like to be a rare and pleasant exception, a solid and sound rock in a changing, turbulent sea.

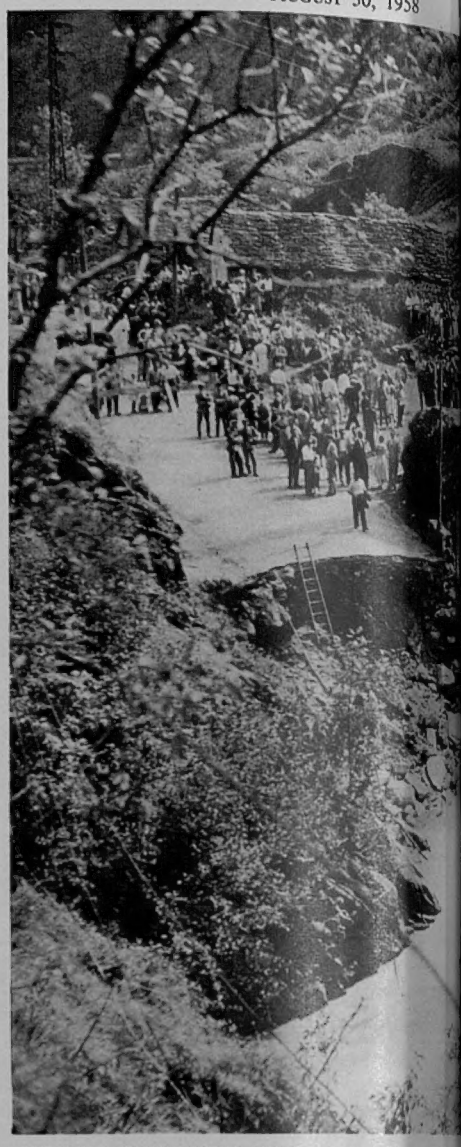
THE OLD STAGER

CRICKET AND CLIMBING AT AN ANNIVERSARY CAMP: *Left*—The Rev. David Sheppard, the England and Sussex cricketer, gives a demonstration to some of the 750 boys attending the seventy-fifth anniversary camp of the Boys' Brigade at Lilleshall Hall, near Newport, Shropshire. Mr. Sheppard is acting as camp chaplain. *Right*—Sir John Hunt, leader of the successful Everest Expedition in 1953, is camp commandant at Lilleshall. At the camp the boys are receiving expert coaching in various sports.

AT STRATTON, IN CORNWALL: Water from the River Strat pours down the village street. Families were driven from their homes twice in four days last week. As the river burst its banks the water rose to a depth of 4 ft. in the streets and parapet walls on a bridge were washed away. During a week of abnormal rain, thunderstorms with winds at gale force, and lightning, many parts of England were flooded and several people killed. In the holiday resort of Combe Martin, on the North Devon coast, a stream swollen by rain rushed down the main street, marooning families in upstairs rooms and sweeping away a shop. Holidaymakers helped police, firemen and villagers build a barricade to prevent further water and mud pouring into the village. The widespread havoc in the West of England and parts of Wales was described as the worst experienced since the disaster at Lynmouth six years ago. Severe damage was also caused in storms over the North of England later last week. A thunderstorm struck Manchester, damaging about fifty houses ; at one time the Old Trafford cricket ground was completely under water.

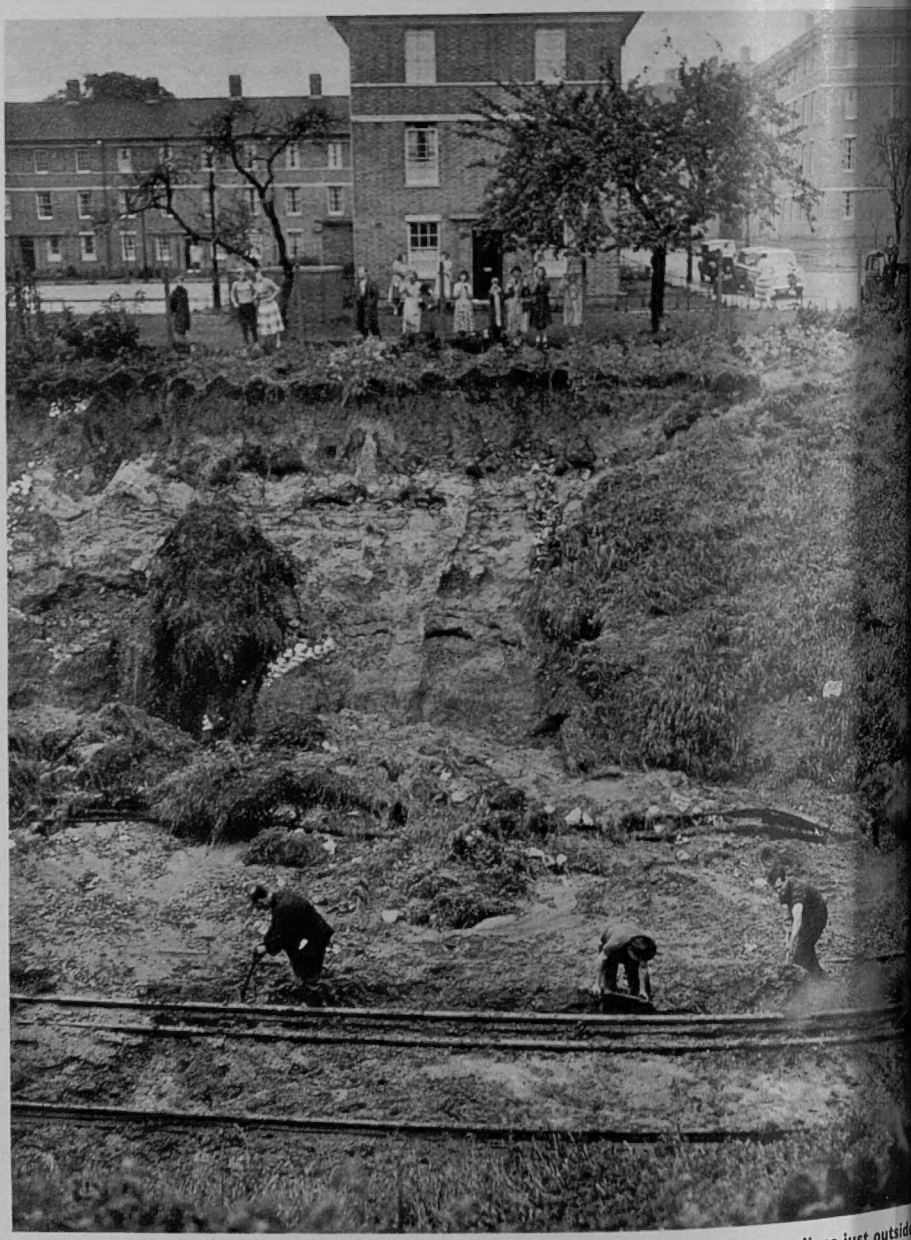
AUGUST STORMS

Grave Flood Damage Throughout England ; a Landslide in Italy Blocks the Simplon Pass

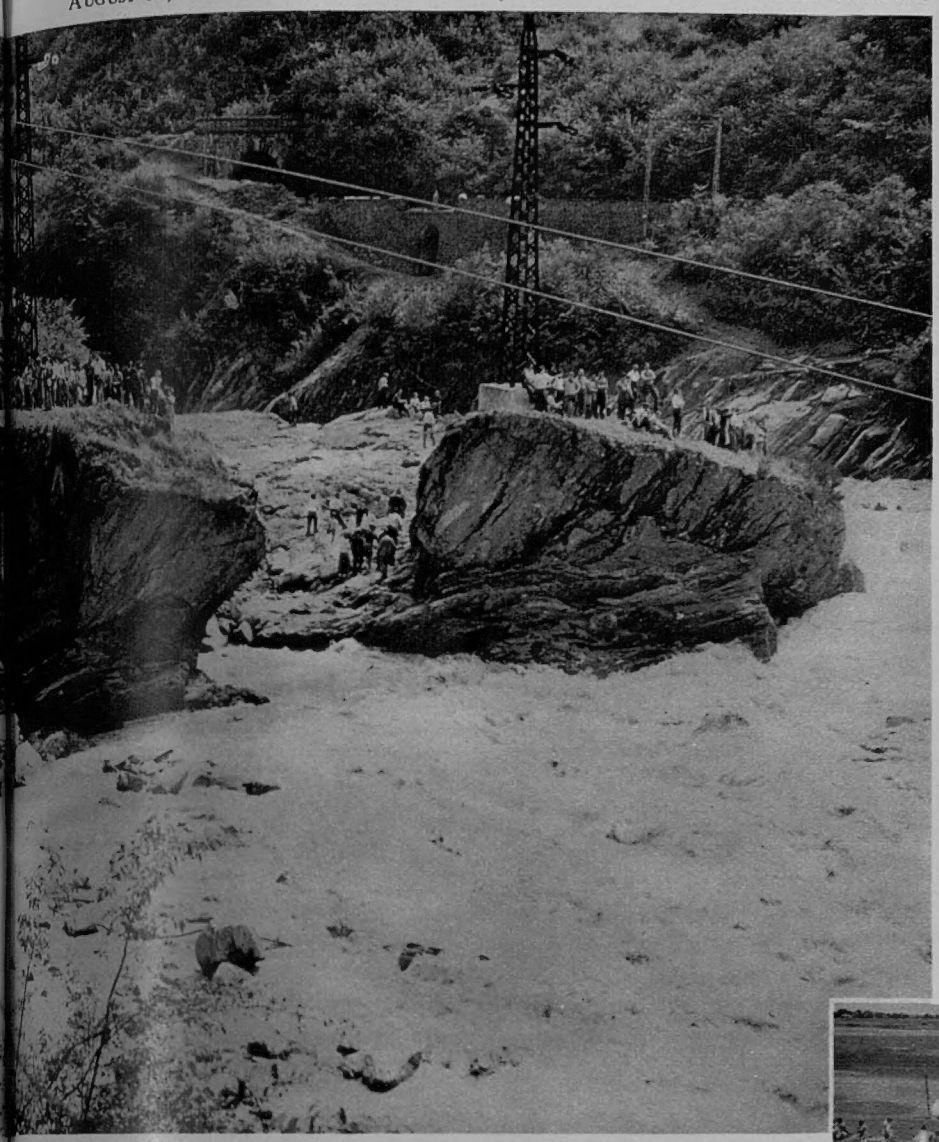


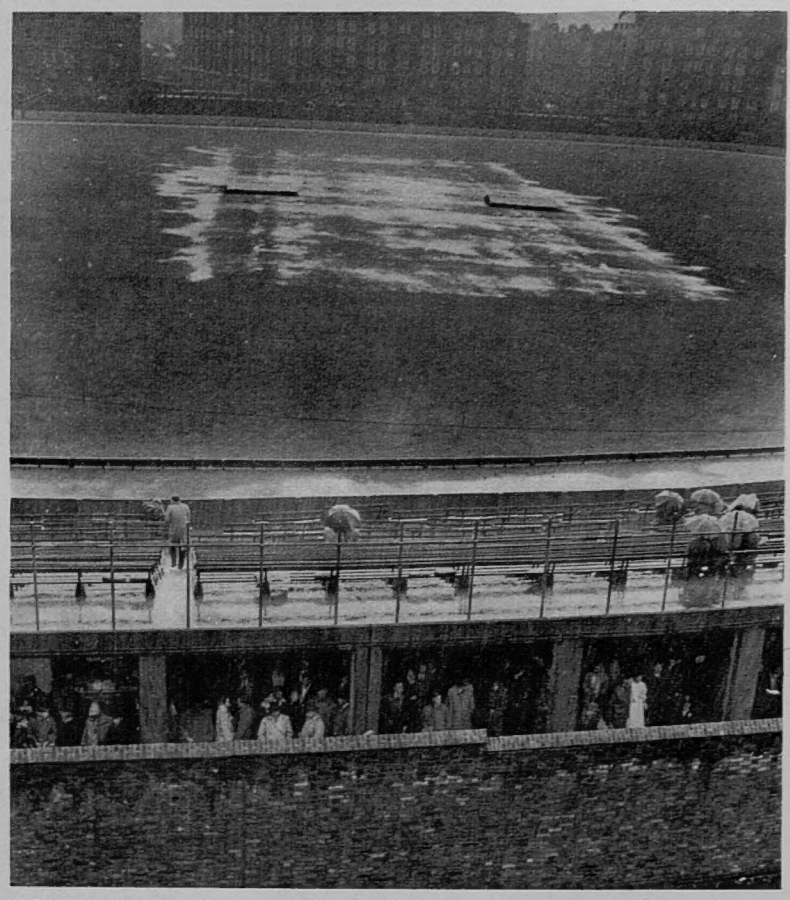
LANDSLIDE IN NORTHERN ITALY: In the village of San Giovanni, near Domodossola, close to the Italian-Swiss border, floodwaters from a river, diverted by a landslide, surge through a gap in the road.

A LATE AND WET HARVEST: Near Bideford, in Devon, two tractors are needed to pull a harvester across the waterlogged fields. The cereals harvest was already three weeks behind normal when storms last week swept the fields.



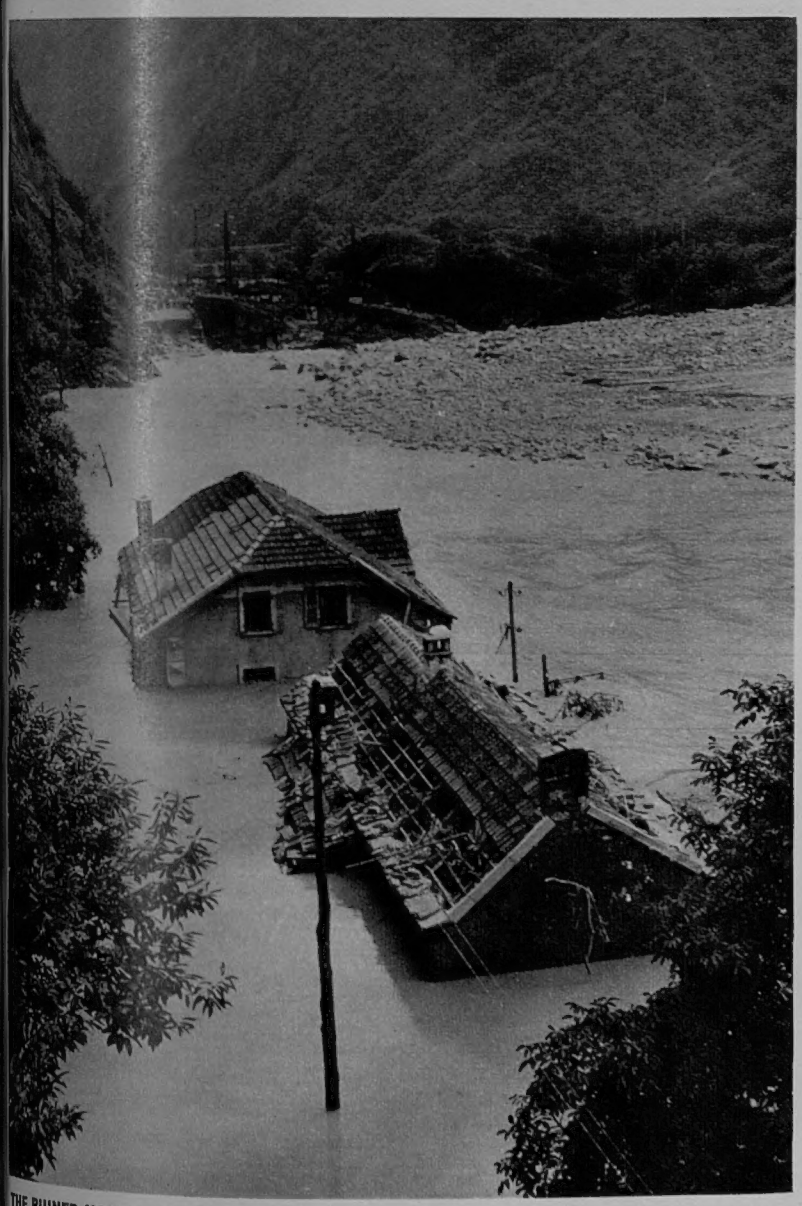
RAILWAY LINES BLOCKED AT BLACKHEATH: Local residents watch workmen clear the lines just outside the Southern Region station, after part of the embankment had collapsed on to the permanent way during a rainstorm. Thousands of passengers had to travel by emergency shuttle services.

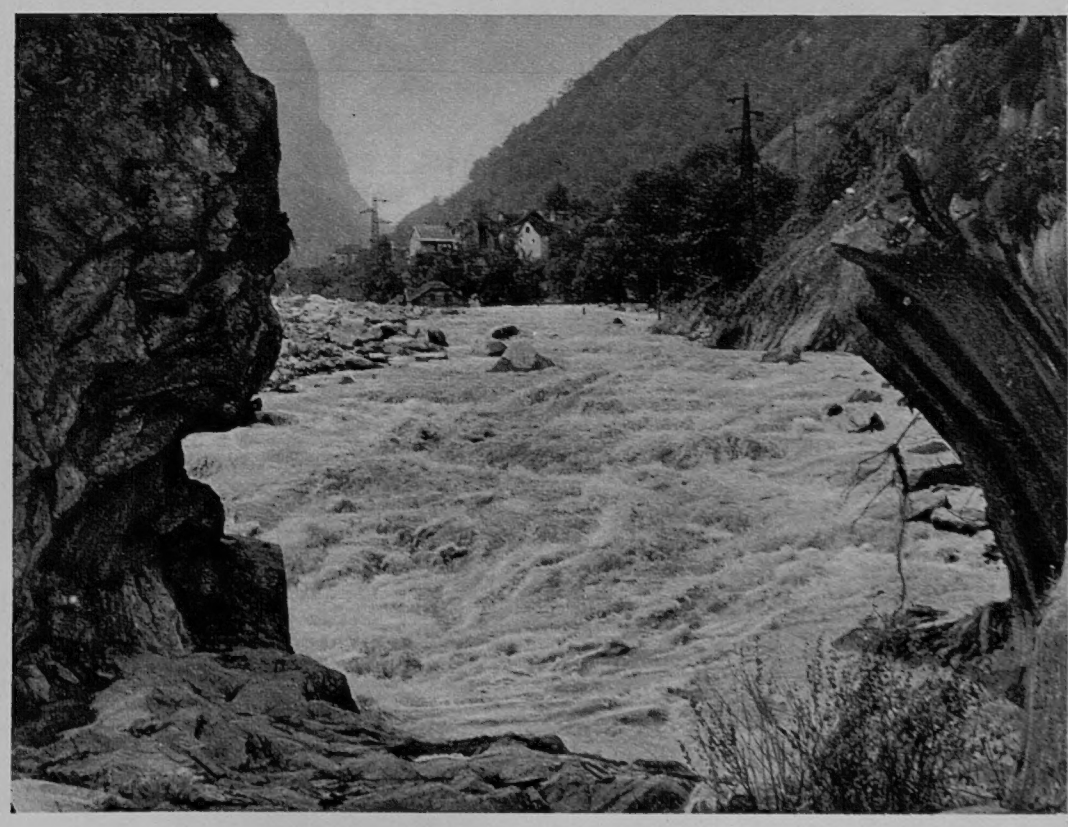




"RAIN STOPS PLAY": Hopeful spectators sheltering under umbrellas look at the desolate scene at the Oval. Heavy rain prevented any play in the fifth and final Test Match between England and New Zealand last Saturday. Further rain over the week-end and Monday prevented play on the fourth day.

SHORTAGE OF WATER IN NEW DELHI: An Indian labour gang digs a canal across the bed of the Jumna River. Only a week previously, floods had swamped the city. With the drop in the water-level, the river flowed into a channel near the left bank of its bed. The pumping station was on the right bank and a channel had to be dug across the mud to bring the water back to it. There was still a grave shortage of water in New Delhi last week.



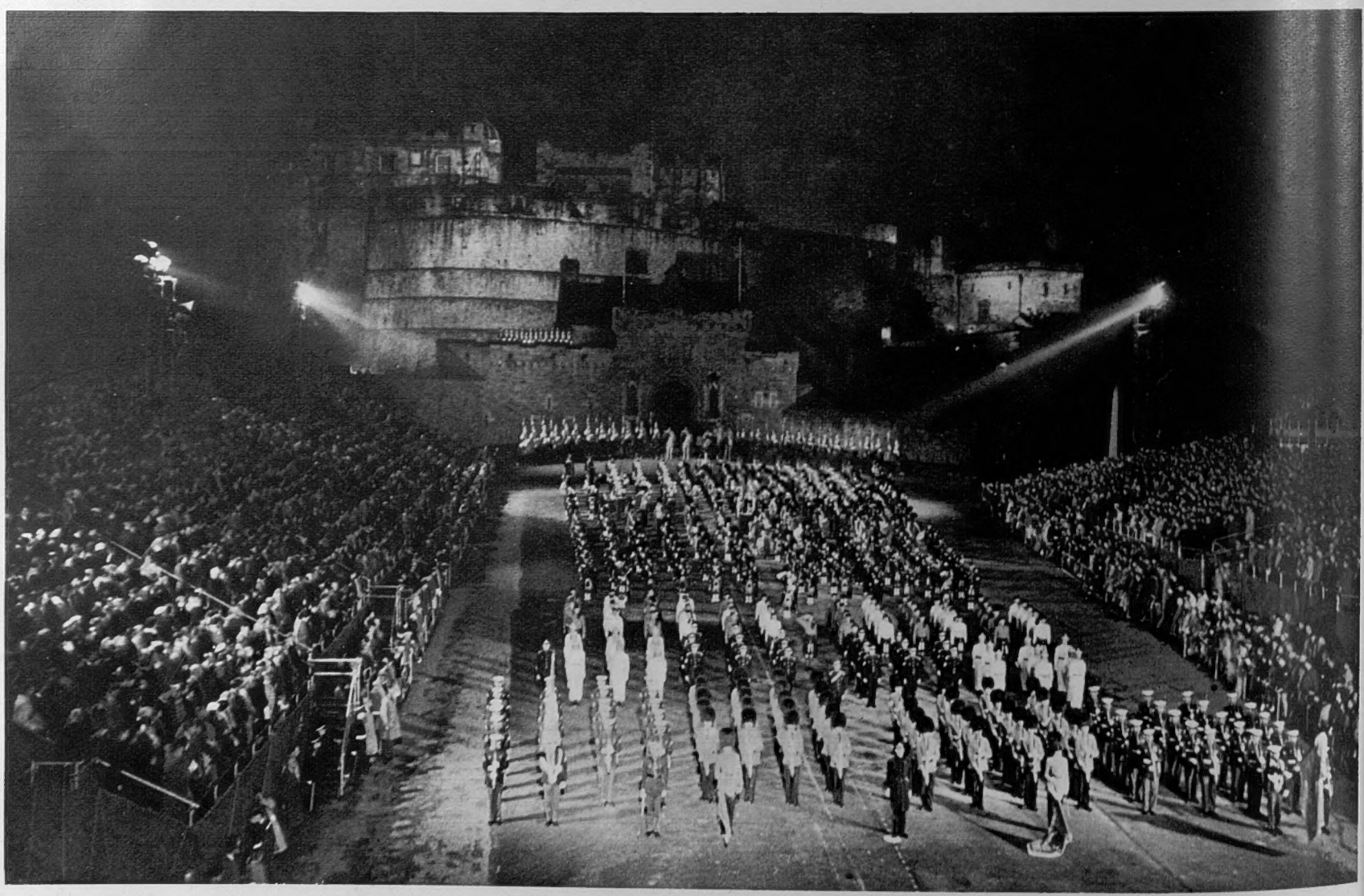


THE RUINED HOUSES OF SAN GIOVANNI: In the little village near the Italian-Swiss border, water laps round the cottage roofs. *On right*—The torrent of water, from the river diverted by a landslide near the Simplon Pass, cascades through the village. Thirteen people, including four tourists, were reported missing after a landslide, estimated to amount to 40,000 cubic yards of rock, fell in the bed of a river near Domodossola. The road and railway leading to the Simplon Pass were blocked. The river was diverted into the village of San Giovanni and carried away a dozen houses. There were violent storms over Italy's central and western Alps; in the Lake Maggiore district 3½ ins. of rain fell in one night. According to reports it would take perhaps a fortnight to get trains running through the Simplon Tunnel.

Above—**OPERA AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: A scene from Weber's *Euryanthe* at the King's Theatre, where it is being presented as part of the Festival Opera Season. Standing in the centre is Josef Traxel. On the left is Alexander Welitsch and on the right Gustav Neidlinger. The internationalism of the Festival is maintained by the presence of German and Spanish opera companies, Danish and Scottish orchestras, ramas by O'Neill and Schiller, Byzantine and French visual art, with Mr. T. S. Eliot's new play and a new ballet company specially formed for the purpose of dancing new ballets.**

FESTIVAL OPENS AT EDINBURGH

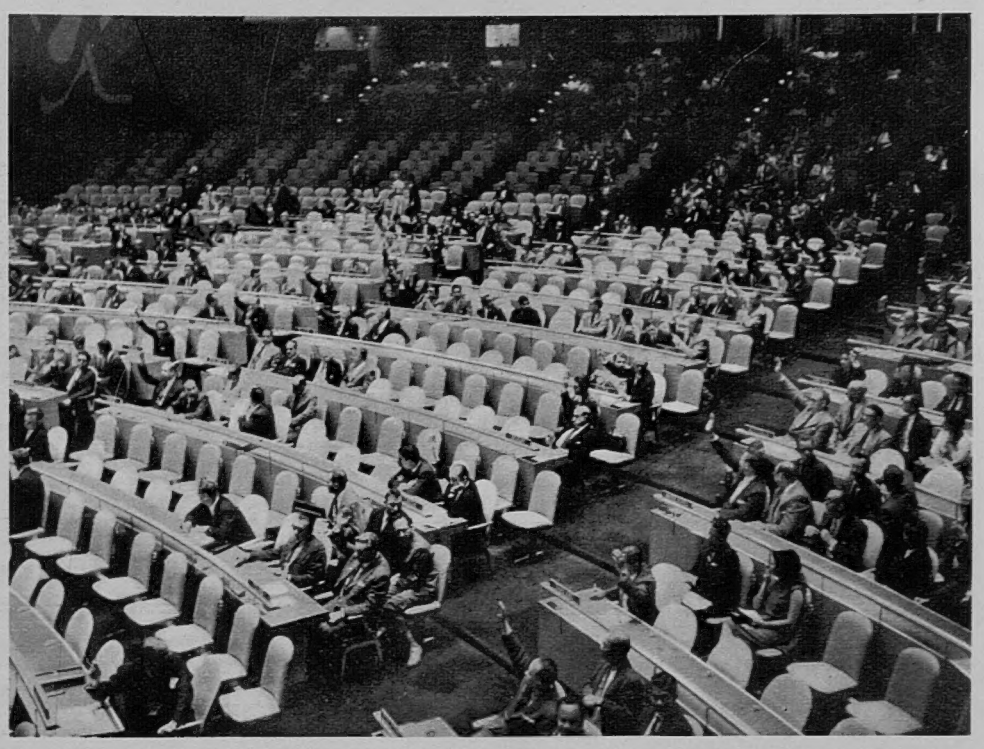
Impressive Scenes at the Twelfth Annual International Festival of Music and Drama



Below—**SEARCHLIGHTS AT THE MILITARY TATTOO: Part of the crowd of 7,000 watches a massed parade of bands taking part in the grand finale on the Castle Esplanade. In the foreground is the United States Marine Corps band, which is taking part in Scottish Command's contribution to the Festival. The marching and counter-marching is a highlight of a varied programme which is expected to be seen by 200,000 people during the period of the Festival. In the Usher Hall the opening concert was a Beethoven programme given by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Otto Klemperer.**

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"BANGING THE UNITED NATIONS DRUM": Mr. Hammarskjold, the Secretary-General of U.N., makes a point at the Press conference which he held in New York to announce his plans for his "peacemaking mission" to the Middle East on the instructions of the General Assembly. He told the newspaper correspondents that he took legitimate pride in "banging the United Nations drum." According to all reports there is little doubt that it was the activity behind the scenes of the Secretary-General which led to the Arab States joining together and putting forward the motion regarding the Middle East. This resolved the deadlock between the East and West blocs and was accepted unanimously by the U.N. Assembly. Mr. Hammarskjold was due to arrive in Jordan early this week. From there he will tour other capitals in the area, after attending the opening of the atomic energy conference in Geneva.



THE WORLD IN AGREEMENT: Delegates to the United Nations General Assembly raise their hands to join in the unanimous vote for the Arab States' motion. The resolution called upon the Secretary-General to make arrangements for the strengthening of the United Nations "presence" in Lebanon and Jordan and facilitate the early withdrawal of foreign troops there. It also affirmed the Arab States' "mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty."

THE ICELANDIC FISHERIES DISPUTE: Dr. Kristinn Gudmundsson, Iceland's Ambassador to Britain, talks to the Press in London about his country's decision to extend her fishing limits to 12 miles around the island's coast. Britain had previously strongly objected to this extension, which comes into operation on Monday next (September 1). The Ambassador said he hoped that the dispute could be settled amicably. He indicated that his Government might be prepared to make certain concessions to Britain. At the beginning of this week, some eighty British trawlers were reported to be making their way towards the disputed waters.

On left—

AGREEMENT ON THE DETECTION OF NUCLEAR TESTS: Dr. James B. Fisk (left), of the United States, who led the team of Western scientists, shakes hands with Professor Federov, of the U.S.S.R., leader of the Communist group, at the end of their successful conference in Geneva. The scientists had agreed that it was technically possible to set up a system by which violations of any possible agreement to cease nuclear tests could be detected. They recommended methods by which this could be done. Immediately after this announcement, Britain and America asked Russia to agree to a cessation of nuclear tests from October 31 for one year.

NATIONALIST CHINESE PREPARE TO MEET NEW THREATS FROM COMMUNIST CHINA: Steel-helmeted soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek's army roll barrels of oil from a landing craft up the beach on Quemoy. The island in the Formosa Strait is the Nationalist outpost close to the coast of the mainland of Red China. Last week-end there were reports of very heavy shelling of Nationalist positions by Communist Chinese artillery on the mainland. Aircraft also bombed the island and gunboats of both sides engaged in battles. Fears of an invasion attempt were expressed by the Nationalists and from Washington the U.S. 7th Fleet was ordered to take precautionary measures. In Peking spokesmen referred to "threats to the security of China."

A MOVING DEMONSTRATION OF PATRIOTIC FEELINGS: A group of repatriates to Greece fall on the ground and kiss the earth at Kakavia, just over the frontier from Albania. They were some of ninety Greek prisoners recently returned to their native land, having spent ten to twelve years as captives in Albania. Most of the men were shepherds who were taken prisoner by the Communists in the civil war which raged in Greece immediately after the country's liberation from Germany in the Second World War. They were rounded up in the Grammos mountains and marched to Albania, where they were forced to work on collective farms and in labour camps. Plans have been made to resettle them in the north of Greece.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRIME MINISTER ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: During a short break from his duties at No. 10, Downing Street, Mr. Macmillan joins a grouse shoot on Blackhill Moors, Bolton Abbey. From the left are Lady Emma Cavendish, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Hartington, Mr. Macmillan, the Duke of Devonshire (seated), Lord Granville (behind the Duke), Mr. Hugh Fraser, M.P., Major Collins, Mr. F. More O'Ferrall, and Mr. T. Egerton. Mr. Macmillan returned to London from Yorkshire last Sunday. He has arranged to go on holiday again on September 13, when he will be the guest of the Duke of Portland at Langwell, Caithness.

A RECORD FINISH FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: Miss Greta Anderson, aged thirty-one, of the United States, comes ashore at South Foreland, near Dover, after swimming the English Channel from Cap Gris Nez in 11 hours 1 minute. She has now won the race for the second year in succession; on this occasion she cut 1 hour 41 minutes from the existing women's record. Her prizes are the 1,000 guineas trophy for being the first to land and £500 for being the first woman.

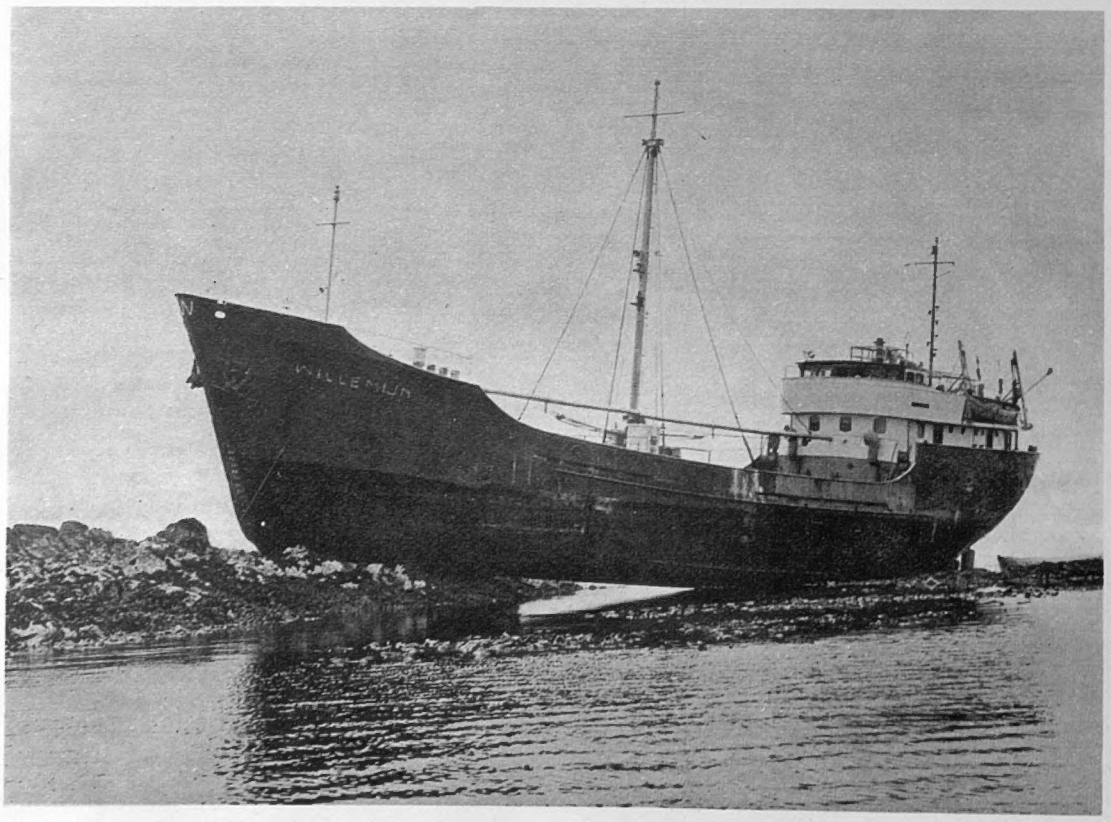
On right—

SIR RICHARD GALE AT A PASSING-OUT PARADE: The General, who is to succeed Lord Montgomery as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, inspects the company during the passing-out parade of No. 145 Platoon, Recruit Company, the Parachute Regiment, at Naida Barracks, Aldershot. Sir Richard is to take up his new appointment at S.H.A.P.E. on Sunday, September 21.

Below—

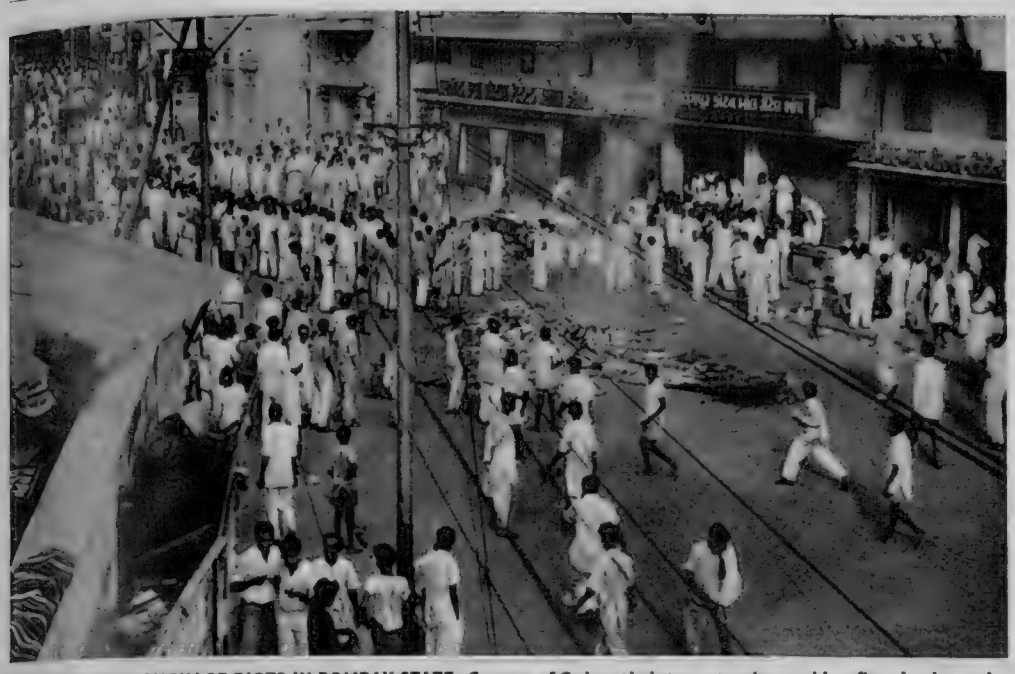
HIGH AND DRY: An unusual picture showing the Dutch motor-ship *Willemijn* stranded at low water on Burial Island, off the coast of Ballyhalbert, Co. Down, after running aground in thick mist. The vessel, which was bound for Sligo, from Dublin, was carrying in her hold a cargo of phosphates. Although she was badly damaged, the members of *Willemijn's* crew all escaped without injury.

COMMEMORATING THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES: At Aldershot, Field Marshal Lord Ironside unveils a plaque to commemorate the renaming of the road leading to the Garrison Church as Old Contemptibles Avenue. Men who served in the 1914-18 War attended and marched along the avenue to a service in the church.

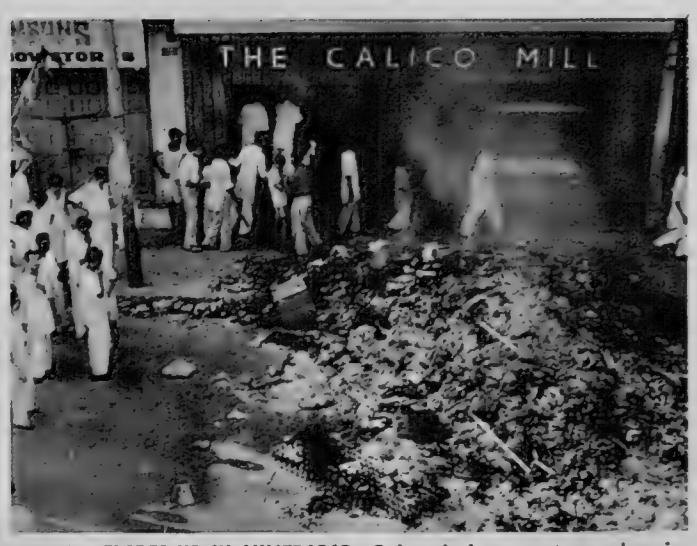


THE HEAD OF JENA UNIVERSITY FLEES TO WEST BERLIN: Professor Joseph Hämel, the rector of Friedrich Schiller University, East Germany, is seen after his flight to the West which, he said, was made because Communist pressure on scholars had become "intolerable." In a statement he said: "I did not want to be the rector guilty of turning such a great school into a so-called Socialist institution completely foreign to academic life." The professor had been at Jena, which celebrated its 400th anniversary last Thursday, since 1936 and had been rector of the university since 1951.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



WIDE-SPREAD LANGUAGE RIOTS IN BOMBAY STATE: Groups of Gujerati rioters stand round bonfires in the main streets of Ahmedabad in protest against the removal of a memorial, a hand holding a torch, erected to the memory of people who died when police opened fire during language riots two years ago.



VIOLENCE FLARES UP IN AHMEDABAD: Gujerati rioters enter a shop in the city and throw the contents on to a bonfire. On several occasions the police opened fire, and a curfew was imposed after the rioters had burned and pillaged public buildings and property. The news that the memorial had been taken away spread throughout the city and brought crowds to the streets. When they began to attack property, police used tear gas to disperse the crowd. The group which erected the memorial was led by Maharujerat Janata Parishad, an organisation which was formed two years ago to achieve a separate Gujerati-speaking state.

On right—

PREPARING THE WAY FOR FRANCE'S REFERENDUM: General de Gaulle boards his aircraft at Orly Airport, for the journey to Antananarivo, Madagascar, the first stage of his tour of the French Union, to gain support for his constitutional proposals. The French Government had made it known that Madagascar will be given a special status in a federation but it has not yet explained what this will be. If General de Gaulle can satisfy Madagascar politicians about this he would obtain a majority in the referendum when Black Africa will vote for federation or "secession," as the General has put it.

CONFERENCE AT LITTLE ROCK, IN ARKANSAS: The Governor of the State, Orval Faubus (right), talks with Senator R. Williams (left) and Senator J. Street (centre), both of Arkansas. Governor Faubus recently gained a record primary majority in his campaign for a third term of office; he campaigned on a defiant resistance to integration in schools. The situation in Little Rock became again a focal-point in the conflict of racial segregation in schools when the Court of Appeals at St. Louis recently restored the status quo at the central high school in the town, from which Negro pupils had been excluded for thirty months by the local Federal Court. The St. Louis Court later granted a stay of its ruling so that the school board could appeal to the Supreme Court, which is in recess until Oct. 6.

THE FUNERAL OF A FAMOUS FRENCH PHYSICIST: At the Sorbonne, Professor Joliot-Curie, who died recently in Paris, is given the full honours of a State Funeral. After the ceremony at the Sorbonne, there was another held at the cemetery of Sceaux, near Paris.

LEAVING THE SORBONNE: After the State Funeral, Pierre Joliot-Curie, the son of the late Professor Joliot-Curie, leaves with his sister, Madame Hélène Langevin, and her husband, Michel Langevin. French Cabinet Ministers and scientists were present at the ceremony as were leaders of the French Communist Party. M. Berthoin, Minister of Education, said that Professor Joliot-Curie, who was a leading French nuclear scientist, possessed the same fanatical devotion to methodical work as his parents-in-law, Pierre and Marie Curie. Throughout his scientific work he had carried a belief in the human community. This led him towards the political ideology of Communism. Professor Joliot-Curie had been an influential member of the French Communist Party.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A REFUGEE CAMP IN CYPRUS: The tents are the living quarters for Turkish Cypriots who have lost their homes as result of the intercommunal violence. The camp is on the outskirts of the village of Skylloura, near Nicosia, and accommodates some 130 men, women and children. Food is supplied free by the Cyprus Federation of Turkish Associations.

VICTIMS OF CYPRIOT VIOLENCE: The family in the tent in the refugee camp at Skylloura is among the many whose homes have been destroyed by arson. The men of the camp are starting to build crude houses of stone which should give better protection against winter weather than tents. Last week, after Archbishop Makarios and the Greek Government had refused to help in the implementation of the British plan for an integrated Cyprus, there were fears the intercommunal fighting would break out again. Eoka issued a leaflet calling on Greek Cypriots to fight the British partnership proposal, which was described as "an Anglo-Turkish conspiracy."

SEARCH FOR ARMS IN JORDAN: A Palestinian refugee is interrogated by the military in one of the refugee camps in Amman. Large detachments of troops had swooped on the camps and were reported to have found quantities of arms.

ACTION AGAINST THE REFUGEES IN AMMAN: Police and soldiers in full battle kit carry out the search for illegal arms and question inhabitants at a refugee camp in the capital of Jordan. From the three camps in the city, sixty people were stated to have been arrested. There are about 75,000 Palestinian refugees in the Amman camps and altogether some 500,000 in Jordan. They are Arabs who were driven from their homes in Palestine during the Arab-Israeli war of 1948. They are always a centre of discontent in Jordan and form a major problem for the Government.

MILITARY TRIAL IN BAGDAD: General Ghazi Daghastani, the former commander of the 3rd Division of the Iraqi Army, stands in the dock before a special military court presided over by Colonel Fahdil Al-Mahdawi. The general was charged with conspiracy against Syria. In the first four days of the trial the court heard many witnesses and then there was an adjournment until last Saturday. The evidence was somewhat confusing, not a little of it being hearsay. Some witnesses alleged the general plotted against Syria, others that he formed groups to prevent Communism coming to Iraq.

On left—
CONVICTED OF TERRORISM: Nineteen-year-old Nadia Salti and her fiancé Stephan Theodore hear sentence passed on them in Amman on charges of terrorism. Stephan was sentenced to death and Nadia to seven-and-a-half years' imprisonment, with a recommendation by the court that her time in prison should be reduced to three years. Both of the accused are graduates of Beirut University, and Nadia's father is a wealthy Jerusalem, Jordan, business man. With three others, one of whom also received the death penalty, they were charged with plotting the overthrow of the Hussein regime. It was alleged Nadia carried bombs in her handbag and the others placed them in such buildings as the British Council Office in Amman.

World Affairs

The Menace of Communist China

By JOHN CONNELL

It is not a coincidence that Marxist Communism attained absolute control over the two great nations which have one major characteristic in common—a persistent capacity for disdainful withdrawal from the affairs of the rest of the world—and that both had practised this withdrawal for centuries, had then, by reason of their own internal weaknesses and tensions, been pulled into the arena of world-wide power politics, and, after civil war and dissension, had embraced revolutionary authoritarianism. The similarities in experience and outlook between the Soviet Union and Communist China are many. But so are the differences. It is the differences which at present are significant.

The Russians throughout their history have been deeply ambivalent towards the West. The effects of a long love-hate relationship are as evident in their day-to-day conduct of diplomacy as in their literature and their art. They yearn to understand and be understood; they also nourish a profound fear and contempt of what we in the West are, and of what we intend.

The Chinese are quite untouched by this neurosis. Their sense of their own superiority, in every field of human relations, is sublime. Civilisation to them is Chinese civilisation; the rest of us have always been foreign devils, and foreign devils we remain. For a century or so we possessed massive technical and military superiority, and we controlled the lines of world communications which, hitherto, had been to the Chinese a matter of calm and arrogant indifference. We exerted this temporary superiority, in the Chinese view, to wreak the gravest harm on China; we exploited her internal weaknesses mercilessly to our own advantage; we humiliated China, and we made her lose face in her own eyes and in the eyes of the rest of Asia. We even dared to establish our colonies on Chinese soil. All this the Chinese found objectionable in the extreme, but it certainly did not shatter their consciousness of their own superiority.

Now they have passed through their own revolution; their recollection of it is much nearer and much more profoundly personal than that of the present leaders of the Soviet Union (Mao Tse-Tung, after all, is the revolution's dominantly heroic myth-figure, and he is still very much alive and in charge); and they have applied, with the full, cool weight of Chinese logic, the dialectic of Marxism to their own experience. Capitalism and the West are to them, as they are to the Russians, synonymous and equally despicable. They know, because their ideology tells them so, that capitalism is bound to collapse because of its internal dissensions. Mr. Khrushchev and several of his colleagues, who have globe-trotted a good deal in the past few years, have their doubts about the total reliability of this comforting concept.

The Russians, just as awestruck as we are in the West by the destructive potentialities of the hydrogen bomb, have come to the conclusion that, for the time being at any rate, the Communist half of the world had better come to some sort of terms with the non-Communist half. Mr. Mao is not really persuaded of that necessity. He knows, and his colleagues know, that the balance of power has swung, and is still swinging, against the West and in their favour. They recognise the rapidity and the thoroughness of Russian technical and scientific advancement; they know that they and the Soviet Union, combined, possess a material and military advantage over the West undreamed of two decades ago. They desire to harness the Russians' technical know-how and industrial productive capacity to their own purposes and policies.

China's influences in the inner counsels of world Communism are great and are increasing; and China is in a mood of considerable self-assurance, some might say of well-nigh insufferable self-conceit. At the beginning of August Mr. Khrushchev hurried, at very short notice, to Peking—and he did so, not on his own initiative, but at the fairly peremptory bidding of Mr. Mao. He went to see Mr. Mao, he did not invite Mr. Mao to come and see him. It was Mr. Mao, in all likelihood, who persuaded him to perform the curious and sudden somersault of abandoning the idea of a meeting of heads of government in the Security Council of the U.N., and to put forward the proposal—which the West accepted and acted upon—of an emergency meeting of the General Assembly instead.

Even if everyone else had temporarily overlooked the fact that China's seat on the Security Council is still occupied by the representative of the "rump" Nationalist Chinese Government settled in Formosa, Mr. Mao certainly had not; he was bound to react strongly against the idea of using the Security Council, in its present form, as the arena of negotiation on a major issue in world politics. So Mr. Khrushchev had in haste to eat not a little humble pie.

Rare and salutary as this experience has been for him, it is clearly not without its warning for the non-Communist half of the world. This is not simply a question of two Communist régimes falling out and striving to solve their differences, even at the risk of inconsistency and a good deal of unwelcome publicity for their manœuvres. What we are witnessing is a phase in a long process, a formidable shift in the balance of Communist leadership all over the world. China has had her say, and will go on having her say, in the formulation of the global strategy of Communism.

If a Communist observer looks at the West, he is aware of certain deep-rooted differences in outlook and mood, and, indeed, in ultimate purpose, between its two leading nations, the United States and Britain. It is, of course, a cardinal point in Communist tactics and strategy to expose and exploit these differences as much as possible. If we put the relations between the Soviet Union and Communist China under a similar microscope, some interesting analogies may be revealed. The Russians are showing tendencies towards developing a flexibility, a practical empiricism in diplomacy, not unlike that which is characteristic of the British. The Chinese are dogmatically firm, as convinced as any old-guard Republican senator of the entire righteousness, as well as the certainty of the ultimate success, of their own views and their own policy. Mr. Khrushchev is capable at least of playing the rôle—and, to be fair, playing it with conviction and skill—of a robust and astute realist in international affairs; he can look as if he is coming to terms and getting along with Mr. Macmillan. Mr. Mao has become as unyielding as Mr. Dulles, when Mr. Dulles is dealing with what he conceives to be a matter of principle.

It is the Chinese who have of late taken the lead in that formidable wordy process of the exposition of Marxist theory which is inseparable from Communist policy in action. Their denunciations of "revisionism," particularly as it is embodied in Tito's Yugoslavia, have precisely the same ring as the State Department's massive reformulation of the theory and motives underlying the continued excommunication of China. A pair of rigid doctrinaires are partnered by a pair of empiricists. The dangers of such a situation are manifest.

The Russians are concerned to prop up and strengthen, as far as they can, their empire in Eastern Europe. They have gone, and will go, quite a distance in the manipulation and exploitation of opinion in the "neutralist" nations in Africa and Asia, most of which have lately attained fully independent status; but they cannot let themselves be totally committed, because what they say in and to these countries can be compared—extremely damagingly—with what they do in once-free countries now under their rulership.

The Chinese are not inhibited by considerations of this kind. More lately committed than the Russians to the vast process of Marxist revolution, they are still more assured of its swift and total triumph. They have lost no illusions about their Marxist faith; they are still sustained and stiffened by it.

One of the cardinal tenets of that faith is that, while nationalist régimes, non-Communist in character, in former "colonial" countries may be used to weaken and subvert the West, Communist leadership at the centre must be unshakable. The Russians have believed for forty years that that centre is Moscow. The Chinese are blandly convinced that it is now in Peking. As an anonymous observer of unusual percipience, writing a week or two ago in *The New Statesman*, put it: "The Chinese believe that the Communists will conquer only if they are united, and it is as much the responsibility of China as of Russia to maintain this unity."

THE LEADERS OF THE COMMUNIST BLOC: Mr. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-Tung, the President of China, are seen applauding a speech in Moscow during the celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution last year. In his article John Connell points out the increasing influence of China in international Communism to-day.

Mr. Khrushchev's journey to Peking was the most striking example yet of the effects of putting this belief into practice. What have we in the West therefore to look for, of what new developments must we be wary? As the Chinese pretensions to the global leadership of Communism are accepted (it is an odd irony that the Russians who played a major part in bringing Communist China back into the field of world politics, are likely to be among the first victims of the old "Yellow Peril" in this new form), we may expect to see their views on policy—in the Middle East, in Africa, in India, and, indeed, in Latin-America—increasingly put into practice. The Russians may be the instruments of advancing Communism; the Chinese will more and more seek to be its directors and controllers. Countries which are China's neighbours in Asia are therefore especially vulnerable: India is as ripe for Communist penetration as the Middle East was three or four years ago—but on Chinese, rather than Russian, lines.

Like so many other among the longer prospects in world affairs, this is disquieting and disagreeable. But when you are on the retreat and on the defensive, as we in the West have allowed ourselves to become, you have to face the consequences. Is it much of a consolation to feel that the Russians, for their own reasons, are in the long term probably more scared of the Chinese than they are of the capitalist, imperialist West? Or is it merely sour grapes? I wonder.

PREPARING DINGHIES FOR RACING DURING THE NINTH CADET WEEK ON THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND: A mass of masts stand out against the skyline as young yachtsmen and yachtswomen prepare their dinghies in readiness for Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex. The event, held under the flag of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, attracted entries from eight countries—Great Britain, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Holland, West Germany, Portugal and Denmark. In the opening race, 138 boats took part.

YOUTH AT THE HELM

Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch Attracted Entries from Far and Wide

The huge flood of entries received for Cadet Week at Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex, gave some indication of the steadily increasing popularity of this interesting annual yachting event, which attracted young yachtsmen and yachtswomen not only from all over this country but overseas as well. This year, entries were received from eight countries—Great Britain, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Holland, West Germany, Portugal and Denmark. It was the ninth Cadet Week and the first to be held since international status was granted last autumn.

The week's programme was held under the flag of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, and spectators, including many experienced yachtsmen, were impressed by the expert way in which the young sportsmen handled their craft. This was particularly noticeable when they had to thread their way through some of the most crowded parts of Burnham's moorings. Although the weather on the opening day was far from favourable, it failed to upset the exuberance of the competitors and for the first race, that for the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club trophy, there was a record entry of 138 dinghies.

Having established a record with 138 starters on the first day, the sailors appeared determined not to drop below it. For each of the races on the second and third days there were again 138 entries—the figure being the total entry received for the regatta.

On left—

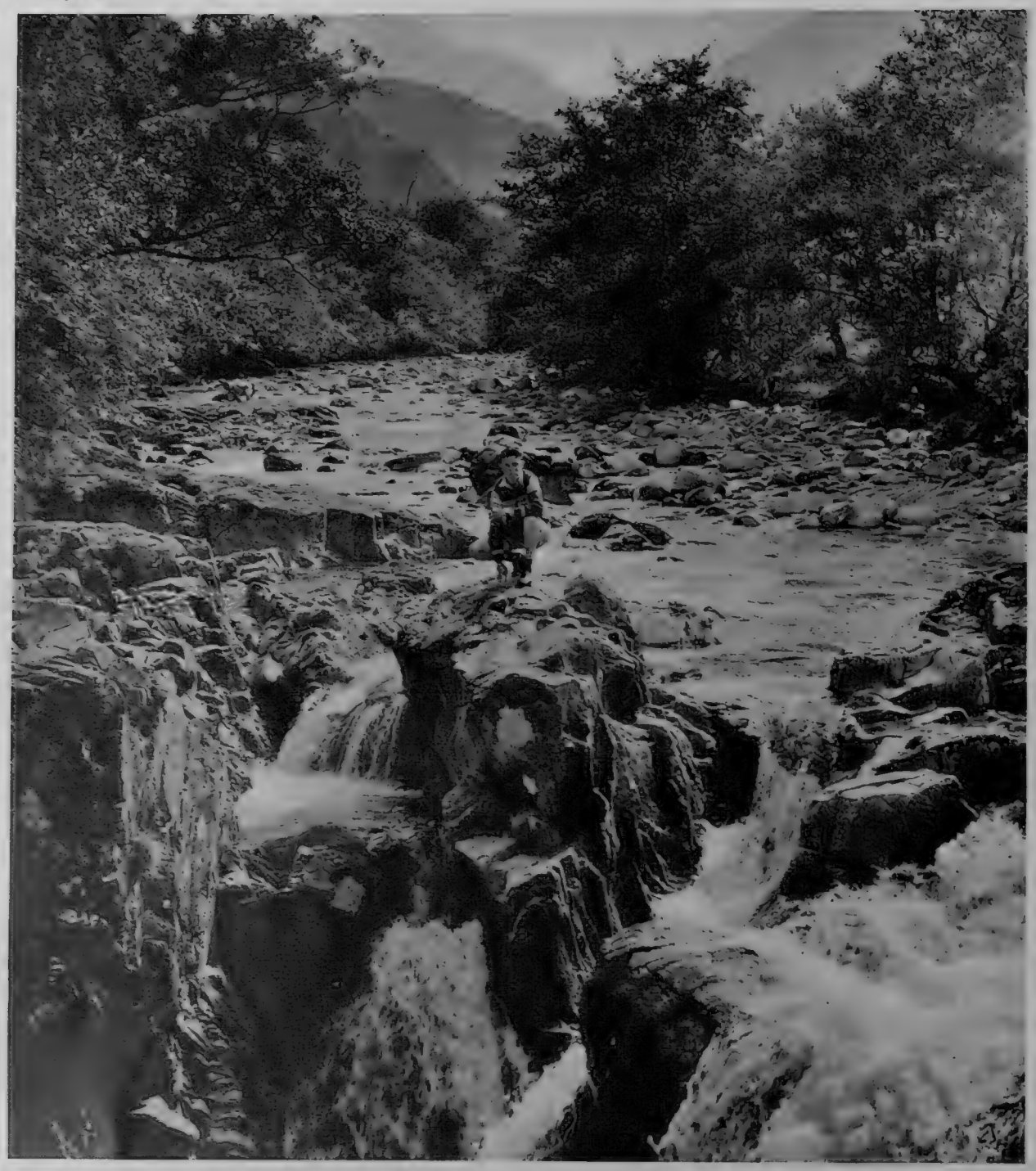
HUSTLE AND BUSTLE BEHIND THE SCENES: The view of the back of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, under whose flag the racing during Cadet Week was held, shows eager competitors pushing their dinghies on special trolleys to the launching point.

KEEPING THEIR BOATS ON AN EVEN KEEL: The crews in the foreground are David Beale and Janet Patten, of Thorpe Bay (left), and David Williams and Michael Davis, of West Kirby.

TOWING THE CRAFT BACK TO THE SLIPWAY: It was necessary to do this after the first race, which finished in heavy rain, because of lack of wind and a strong opposing tide.

LAUNCHING THE DINGHIES: Some are already in the waters at Burnham-on-Crouch and are being guided through the moored craft outside the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. In the foreground other dinghies are being wheeled along the pier. Unfavourable sailing conditions on the opening day failed to upset the eagerness of the competitors.

GETTING AWAY TO A GOOD START: Part of the vast fleet of 138 dinghies taking part in the first race of the week cuts into the strong north-easterly breeze, which necessitated skilful handling of the dinghies on the part of the young sailors. The race sailed, that for the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club trophy, was won by Miss Judith Farrow, a member of Aldenham Sailing Club, who has as crew in her dinghy *Pintail* Mr. R. Steel. It was the ninth Cadet Week and the first to be held since international status was granted last autumn.



THE WATERS OF GLEN NEVIS: The stream follows a rocky course in the Glen below Ben Nevis, which at 4,406 ft. is the highest peak in Britain. At the present time engineers are prospecting in the valley with a view to harnessing the waters for an electric power scheme.

On left—
ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT: Two climbers make their way up the steep and stony path to the top of the mountain in Inverness-shire.

BRITAIN'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

Climbing Ben Nevis; and the Hydro-electric Scheme for the Glen below

Scotland this summer has so far enjoyed more sun than England and a record number of people have taken advantage of the good spells of weather to climb to the top of Ben Nevis. Britain's highest mountain has had an above-average proportion of cloud-free days. On such occasions the views are superb—to the surrounding peaks, down to the Scottish countryside, to the West coast and to the islands in the Atlantic Ocean beyond.

The climber must follow a rough track for most of the way. Once there was a good path, with a "half-way house" for shelter, and an hotel on the summit. Both these buildings have now disappeared and the path has crumbled since the weather observatory station, also at the summit, was abandoned in 1905. Evidence that all who essay the upward journey are not prepared for such poor conditions is to be seen in pieces of footgear such as high heels and soles by the side of the track. Advice to all would-be conquerors of Ben Nevis is to wear boots or the stoutest shoes.

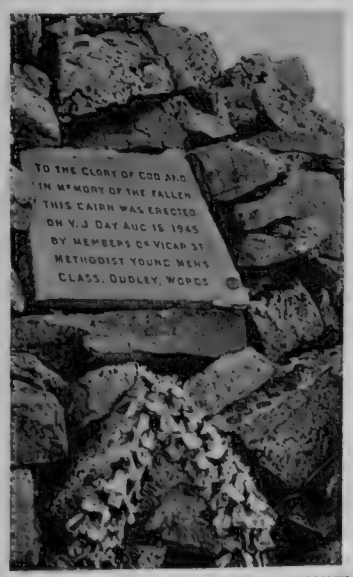
The average time for the ascent is about three hours, that is provided the mountaineer keeps going practically all the time. The record for reaching the peak and returning to the bottom of the Ben is 1 hour 45 minutes and 10 seconds! This was established in the annual race to the top two years ago by Pat Moy, of the Vale of Leven Harriers. It means, in effect, that he ran 13 miles up and down the height of 4,406 ft. Preparations are now being made for this year's race to the top next month.

THE SITE FOR THE PROPOSED HYDRO-ELECTRIC RESERVOIR: The stream from Glen Nevis cascades down into the valley at Steall. It is in this bowl that the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board is reported to be considering building a reservoir. A tunnel would be driven through the hills to carry the water to Loch Leven. There have been protests against the scheme from some local authorities and out-door organisations because of the great natural beauty of the glen with the peak of the mountain towering above it.

There is a much harder route up sheer precipices, but this is to be strictly recommended only to experienced mountaineers. In this respect Britain's highest peak compares with Mont Blanc, the loftiest Alp. Both have comparatively easy tracks for tourists. But both also can challenge the real mountaineer. Although Ben Nevis is very much lower than Mont Blanc, it has taken in recent years a grimmer toll of lives in its more difficult parts. When the weather is bad, life can be endangered anywhere on Ben Nevis.

Remote, majestic and awe-inspiring—such is the impression given by this dominating landmark near Fort William, in Inverness-shire. But there is the possibility that the hand of man may soon be more firmly imprinted upon the panorama. A plan has been propounded for the construction of a reservoir in Glen Nevis below the mountain. The mountain streams would be harnessed and the water collected would be carried through a tunnel in the hills to Loch Leven and provide hydro-electric power.

There has been much local objection to this proposal. It is said that the attractions of the Glen would be spoilt and the surrounding area would lose much of its natural beauty. It is understood that a definite decision has not yet been taken by the authorities. However, one modern addition to the mountain does have general support. This is a plan for a chair-lift to the top. It would open up new ski-ing grounds in winter and also assist in mountain rescue operations.



ON THE TOP OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN: *Left*—The plaque at the summit of Ben Nevis commemorates the dead of the last war. It is surrounded by coins of many currencies which climbers place there according to custom. *Right*—The ruins on left are of the former weather station. Climbers on right stand by the Ordnance Survey trigonometrical point.

PILGRIMAGE OF PROTEST

Thousands Gather at the Monastery of Czestochowa, in Poland

Our Lady of Czestochowa is an ornate painting on wood of the Virgin and Child, both wearing crowns. Sometimes known as the Black Madonna, it is of considerable antiquity and was taken to Czestochowa by Prince Wladyslaw Opolski in the fourteenth century. He gave it for safe keeping to a community of monks who built the fine monastery of Jasna Gora and the church in which the painting is still housed.

Jasna Gora is the chief religious shrine of Poland, and throughout the centuries, whatever the complexion of the Government or whatever foreign powers have partitioned that unhappy state, the Polish people have streamed in almost unending pilgrimage to Czestochowa. In 1946, for the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, for instance, it was estimated that about 1,500,000 people from all over the country walked there, because the Communist Government refused to allow special transport facilities to be provided.

Under Communism, the shrine has been a rallying-point for Christian and Catholic opinion and, in no derogatory sense, Czestochowa can be said to be a barometer of the condition of the relations between Church and State. At the moment the outlook is stormy. The immediate reason for this is that last month police were reported to have raided the monastery and seized a number of religious publications. The civil authorities alleged that these were illegal "anti-state" publications and that the police action was justified. From the ecclesiastical side came another version of the story. It was stated that not only did the militiamen break into the sacred shrine, they also assaulted and maltreated pilgrims.

DEMONSTRATION OF DISAPPROVAL OF GOMULKA AT POLAND'S CHIEF RELIGIOUS SHRINE: Large crowds stand beneath the walls and also line the top of them at the Monastery at Jasna Gora, which contains the shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa. They had come in even larger numbers than usual on the Feast of the Assumption to protest against a police raid on the monastery.

ADDRESSING A DENSELY-PACKED CONGREGATION: From a pulpit high on the walls of the Jasna Gora monastery a Pauline monk preaches to the many thousands of Poles who had come to celebrate one of the most important festivals.

AT THE MONASTERY OF OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA: A priest hears the confession of one of the pilgrims to the shrine, as many others patiently await their turn. Thousands of Poles, mainly women, recently made a pilgrimage to the ancient monastery of Jasna Gora, after police had broken into the shrine and seized Roman Catholic religious publications alleged to be subversive.

Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland, appealed for prayers of reparation for what he termed the "act of desecration." One response to this appeal was seen earlier this month on the Feast of the Assumption. Always a day favoured for pilgrimage to Jasna Gora, the faithful gathered there this year in far greater numbers than usual.

The Czestochowa incident cannot be isolated from the whole question of the current relations between Church and State in Poland. When Mr. Gomulka came to power in 1956, one of his first actions was to release the Primate, who had been imprisoned by the previous Communist Government. Soon an agreement between the Roman Catholic Church, to which the vast majority of Poles belong, and the State was arranged. Free exercise of religion was guaranteed and the Church was given the right to control its own hierarchy and to teach religion in the primary schools. In return the fact, as it were, of Mr. Gomulka's Communist State was recognised and the clergy gave support to him in the ensuing elections.

Thus it was hoped that in at least one Communist country there would be an end to the strife between Christians and Marxists. But it has become apparent that each side never regarded the 1956 agreement as anything more than an unpleasant necessity and in recent months there have been numerous reports of quarrels between the Church and lay authorities.

The raid on Czestochowa is regarded by some observers as a sign that Mr. Gomulka intends to break with the Church. But the question remains: can he afford to do so? For it is doubtful whether he possesses as much real authority over the people of Poland—certainly over the older generations—as Cardinal Wyszynski.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE: One of the monks of the monastery (in the centre in the white habit) calls for prayers from the pilgrims as they enter. Cardinal Wyszynski appealed for prayers of "reparation for the act of desecration" by the police. In recent months the good relations between Church and State in Poland, established in 1956, have markedly deteriorated.

THE "WELLINGTON" SAILS UNDER A LONDON BRIDGE: With only a few inches to spare the former sloop of the Royal Navy passes under Blackfriars Bridge while being towed from her anchorage on the River Thames at Temple Stairs, Victoria Embankment, to the Blackwall yard of R. and H. Green and Silley Weir Ltd. On arrival at Blackwall she went into dry-dock for an overhaul as well as cleaning and repairs. Since 1948 the *Wellington* has been used as the floating Livery Hall of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. At that time it was stated that the ship would not only serve as a headquarters ship for the Company, but as a meeting place for the Master Mariners of all nations. In the conversion of the *Wellington*, from a 990-ton sloop to a livery hall, the engine and boiler room was transformed to become the panelled courtroom, with a dais at one end to take the chairs of the Master, Senior Warden and Deputy Master. The room occupies almost the entire width of the ship. *Wellington* is also equipped with a museum and library. The sloop was commissioned at Devonport in 1935 for service in the New Zealand Station, and she served throughout the second world war as an escort vessel.

"WELLINGTON" SAILS AGAIN

The Headquarters Ship of the Master Mariners is Towed Down the Thames for an Overhaul

THE START OF THE JOURNEY DOWN THE RIVER: *Left*—With Waterloo Bridge in the background, tugs manœuvre the *Wellington* into mid-stream for the journey from the Embankment to Blackwall. *Right*—*Wellington*, towed by her attendant tugs, approaches Blackfriars Bridge. In the background of the picture are H.M.S. *President* and H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum*, two ships of the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. A third ship, H.M.S. *Discovery*, is anchored a short distance away.

GONDOLAS ON THE GRAND CANAL: In the annual carnival in Venice, four-oared gondolas race under the Ponte di Rialto. Spectators crowded in boats and on the narrow sides of the canal watch part of the day-long races and festivities. There are races for various types of gondola over various parts of the Grand Canal, which winds in the shape of a letter S through the city, roughly cutting it in two. Built in 1588 to 1592, the Ponte di Rialto replaced a previous wooden bridge, which had superseded a bridge of boats. Its single arch, 90 ft. in span and 24 ft. high, is notable for its strength. Venice's main street, the Merceria, connects the bridge to the world famous St. Mark's Square.

On right—

REHEARSALS FOR THE FETE: In the early hours of the morning by tradition the gondolieri always practise for the races and processions of the carnival. Floating on the waters of a lagoon near the island of San Giorgio is an elaborately carved and ornately decorated gondola as its rowers, in their colourful, traditional costumes, rest on their oars.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: Being passed by a motor launch off the island of San Giorgio is a gondola fitted with a central awning and chairs. The toothed projection at the bows, called the *ferro*, balances the weight of the gondolier in the stern. Traditionally the *ferro* is said to be a symbol of Venice.

AWAITING THE WINNERS: Members of the city council and other officials are on the right in the foreground. Two of the boats moored alongside the landing stage are reserved for members of the Press (*stampa*), and the judges (*giuria*). Extreme right is the Ca' Foscari and just visible in the background centre is the Ponte dell' Accademia.

VENETIAN CARNIVAL

A Regatta of Many Types of Gondola is Held Each Year on the Grand Canal

On the first Sunday in September, the Royal Regatta on the Grand Canal is held in Venice. The regatta was started several centuries ago by a ruling Doge. According to tradition, the Doge had watched a procession of decorated gondolas stream across the wide bay outside Venice in a celebration in honour of the Feast of the Assumption. From thenceforth it was decreed that a special feast day should be set aside every year in honour of the gondoliers. The prizes at the end of the festivities were to be presented by the "fairest lady present." Nowadays the race and the various processions are held on the Grand Canal; elaborate and many-oared gondolas, manned by gondoliers in traditional and colourful costume, pass the marble palaces.

Perhaps the chief attraction of a city of myriad attractions, the gondolas still to-day survive. The motor-boats, which were introduced by Mussolini, have been responsible for undermining many of Venice's ancient palaces. Always crumbling, but always fascinating, Venice has inspired its many famous visitors to coin epigrams and compliments. Byron mourned the passing of a dream—

> "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier;
> Her palaces are crumbling to the shore."

Fortunately to-day's visitor can still be rowed along the "liquid streets" of Venice, which Ruskin described as a "golden city, paved with emerald." Over the waters between the palaces, built by the merchant princes who made Venice "the pearl of the Adriatic," gondolas still busily ply backwards and forwards by day and night.

Gondolas are flat-bottomed and are able to pass through the shallowest water. At each end is ornately wrought ironwork, particularly on the bow. It is this weight which counterbalances the gondolier standing upright in the stern. The ancestor of the boat was a fast vessel called a *Vipera*, rowed by three pairs of oars. The first gondolas appeared in the early sixteenth century, but they did not possess any ironwork. In the picture painted in the early sixteenth century by Carpaccio called "The Miracle of the Cross," the gondolas are very similar to to-day's; they have a light framework amidships, the forerunner of the detachable cabin with curtains, called the *felze*. By the eighteenth century the gondola had assumed its present shape; the prow rises like a swan's neck out of the water. Gondolas of this appearance are a characteristic in paintings by Canaletto. (*Further pictures from Venice and the Adriatic Coast, pages 318-319.*)

THE "GONDOLINI" RACES: The main part of the regatta is the race down the Grand Canal of two-oared gondolas. In the background is the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. The striped posts (left foreground) are painted in the colours of the livery of the owner of the palace.

FLEET OF GONDOLAS: These two-oared craft, which are known as the "tail," follow the large craft, known as the "Serenissima" (right background). They do not take part in the actual races for two-oared gondolas. On the extreme left are some of the elaborate gala gondolas. The procession is on its way from the Church of San Marco to the Rialto.

On left—

THE SPECTATORS: On the balconies of the façade of the Palazzo Brandolin are friends or guests of the family, watching from every vantage point. In front of the many palaces flanking the Grand Canal are hung precious tapestries.

PART OF THE PROCESSION OF GONDOLAS: In the oared craft, forming the "tail," are seated guests or tourists who can afford the price of these favoured seats. These gondolas do not race, but form part of the day-long spectacle on the canals.

THE NATURE OF TRADITION

A Commentary on the Old Country Names for Birds, and an Account of the Mysterious Life History of the Common Eel

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I WONDER how traditions are born and what it is that keeps them alive in a world that is changing (and shrinking) almost hourly? The thought came to mind after walking by the stream that flows through the village in Wales where I was born, and standing on the little wooden bridge which carries a footpath over the waters. This bridge—it cannot be the same one as when I was a boy, for memory tells me that it was then rotting with age and anyway it now has an iron pipe for hand-rail in place of the creaky wooden one I used to know—has always played an important part in the life of the village. It is a beautiful spot—a junction of waters, where two tiny tributaries meet the main stream—and much beloved by men and maidens of an evening, by the children for more innocent games, and by old men, who lean on the rail dreaming the noonday hours away watching the fish and the dippers and the pollydishwashers.

Pollydishwasher. That is the pied wagtail, the dainty black-and-white one. We did not call it that. Being a predominantly Welsh-speaking community we called it chwidrferch. Pollydishwasher is an old English South Country name, and it is still in use. I like the old country names for birds, beasts and flowers, and in particular pollydishwasher for pied wagtail. Most of the old country names have, unfortunately, died out in recent years. They have been unable to withstand the onslaught of universal education, the radio and American films; many of them were very local and belonged to a time when communication between rural communities was difficult and occasional. For example, around Liss, in Hampshire, the wren was called "juggy," but around Micheldever, in the same county and only some twenty miles away as the crow flies, it was called "chunky."

Now, neither name is ever heard. Indeed, it is only among gypsies and "travellers" that some of the old names in common usage are heard, and then you have often to enquire closely to discover what is meant. "Screamer" for the swift is obvious enough, and a very good name, too. "Chinky" for the chaffinch, another very apt name, is also obvious enough. But it took me a long time to discover that the "keeping" is the hedge-

sparrow (the dunnock), and I have never been able to find out why it acquired this name. In the same way I have heard gypsies speak of the "overrunner," and that is the very name by which old Gilbert White knew the shrew. It is used for the very same reason that old countrymen in Gilbert White's time used it. It is very unlucky to have a shrew run over your foot: it was in Parson White's day, too. But mostly the old names have gone. What better name could you have for a heron than "owd skimmuks"? Now it is only the older generation who use it, and they only when, mellowed by wallop and warmth, they range back over the years in The Red Herring of an evening.

Standing on the bridge, I wondered if the same games were still played there or whether they had joined the country names: and knew, even as I wondered, that they would still be played. The great game was on the railing—turning somersaults over it. It was the game for the boys, and for the girls, too, until they became self-conscious. You dug the rail into your tummy and twisted over. If you were clever, you could do it two or even three times without stopping. If you were not clever, you fell into the river. Everyone fell into the river at some time or another.

As a small boy I used to fish from this bridge. I do not remember ever catching anything, except perhaps an occasional foolish fingerling. But with big black-enamelled hooks bought from the ironmonger in the neighbouring town I had more success. I would tie them to very strong string and bait them with the fattest worms from the garden, a bunch of worms to each hook. In the evening I would go down and throw them in, three lines an evening perhaps, and tie them to the roots of a tree opposite the bridge, where the bank overhung and no one could see them. Next morning, as early as possible, I would hurry down to the bank and pull in the lines, excitement at fever pitch. More often than not they hung limp in the water; sometimes the worms had been taken and the hook was bare. On occasions there would be a taut line, pulled out into the stream. Then I would draw in very carefully and anxiously, fearful lest the line should break, my heart thumping like mad. Occasionally a small trout would show on the water and sometimes, as it took the air, it would struggle. Then it needed careful handling to get it to the bank. Mostly I caught eels, and some of them fought hard. A fair-sized eel is surprisingly strong for a boy when it is on the end of a piece of wet string.

Standing there on the bridge in the early morning, I remembered. I waded across the stream to the tree. There, beneath the overhang, were two lines. I tested them. Both were limp. I hauled them in. Good thick string, big black-enamelled hooks, big fat worms. In all the years no change at all. Just the few yards down, to the overhang that Ron Roberts used to have for his own, there were three more lines. One of them was taut. I pulled in the limp ones: good thick string, big black-enamelled hooks, big fat worms. The same sites, the same equipment. In all the years, through two world wars, no change at all. Even more astonishing, some firm is still making big black-enamelled hooks. Meurig Evans, who dug the graves, taught me this game and showed me how to tie the lines so that there was just a little play on them and introduced me to the overhang, which had probably been his when he was a boy. I wondered who had handed on the tradition to these lads.

When I was a boy, we believed that there were several sorts of eels. As a matter of fact, most country folk still do so quite firmly, as is shown by the great variety of names: yellow eels, silver eels, broad-nosed eels, frog-mouthed eels, bulldog eels, gorbs, grigs and so forth, each name describing an animal of apparently quite distinct appearance. We all ought to know better, because everybody, supposedly, knows the wonderful story of the eel.

Larval eels are called *Leptocephali*. They are tiny, flat, almost transparent fish, shaped rather like willow-leaves. In due course, they change into round fish about 2 ins. long. Then they are known as elvers. In the summer months huge numbers of elvers appear in the mouths of rivers and often it is possible to get a bucketful by the simple process of dipping a bucket into the water. They wriggle rather than swim upstream. Though so tiny and so weak, nothing stops them: they negotiate weirs and waterfalls. Not even land proves an obstacle: the little elvers wriggle through the grass at night when it is wet with dew. But when they have found suitable water, they stay there. It is sometimes said that they prefer muddy overgrown waters, but the Welsh stream of my childhood was neither muddy nor overgrown, and it held plenty of eels. Indeed, I doubt if there is any unsuitable water. They are found everywhere—in fast streams and sluggish, in land-locked pools and farm ponds, and in dewponds and ornamental garden lily ponds.

Elvers grow very slowly. It takes about three years in fresh water to attain a length of 7 ins. By then they begin to develop scales along the middle of the body. It has been shown that growth is pretty steady until six years of age (you can tell the age from the scales), but after that the females grow much quicker than the males.

After six to eight years in fresh water, eels are mature and change colour. The yellow eels become silver eels (that is, almost black on top and silver underneath) and begin to move towards the sea. These silver eels are so different in appearance from the yellow eels that it is easy to understand how they have come to be considered a different species by country folk. Eel fishermen, who understand that they are the same species, commonly say that the silver dress is the breeding dress. But even this is not true. It has been shown that there is no difference between the reproductive glands of silver eels and yellow eels of the same size.

Silver eels move towards the sea on dark nights of late summer and autumn, and, like the elvers, they move over the land when necessary. Thousands upon thousands are caught in traps and baskets and nets. Thousands upon thousands more reach the sea—and disappear for ever.

We know where they go to, of course. From the patient research of a Danish zoologist, Johannes Schmidt, it is known that the European eel (and there is only one species of European eel) breeds between the Leeward Islands and Bermuda, and at great depths. It is also known that the American eel (which is not the same species as the European eel) breeds in the same area, and that the breeding grounds overlap. But no American eel has ever been taken in European waters and no European eel has ever been taken in American waters. No one has ever explained, probably nobody ever will, how the tiny *Leptocephali* know which way to go. Although we do know a great deal about the eel, once the most mysterious of fishes, not everything is known. Leaning there on the rail—a man needs something to lean on: a railing or a wife—thinking about my eel-fishing days, I realised that I have never seen a fully mature breeding eel. I am not alone. Nobody, nobody at all, has ever yet seen one.

FISHING FOR EELS: Using nets, men, women and children try their luck at Baldwin's Brook, at a point where it runs into the River Severn, at Epney, Gloucestershire. The silver and yellow eels, with elongated snake-like bodies, are not two varieties but different stages in their life history. *On left*—Examining the eels at a Hampshire fishery.

Digging Up the Past

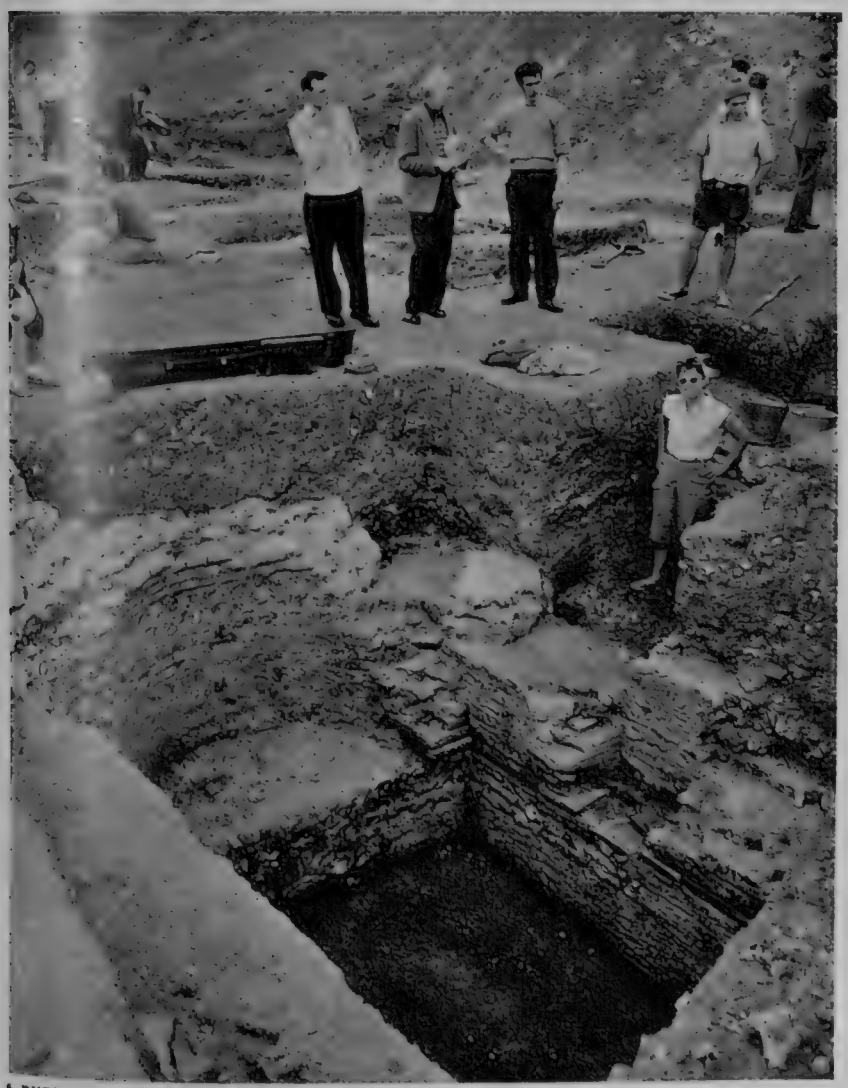
Excavations in Salisbury, St. Albans and London

A MEDIEVAL POTTERY KILN IN WILTSHIRE: *Above*—From left are Mr. John Stratton, Mr. David Algar and Mr. John Musty in one of the three thirteenth-century kilns being excavated at Laverstock, near Salisbury. *Below*—Mr. David Truckle at work in a kiln.

Three years ago several pieces of medieval pottery were discovered at Laverstock, outside Salisbury, in Wiltshire. A number of pits were found containing pieces of pottery and parts of richly-glazed jugs. The foundations of a medieval building were also uncovered and it was thought that it might possibly have been the potters' workshop. Recently Mr. David Truckle, a member of the Salisbury Museum Excavations sub-committee, was examining the site of the discoveries and noticed burnt clay showing in a new road cutting. This suggested to him the possibility of a kiln being buried beneath the soil.

With other members of the sub-committee he set to work, and his anticipations were rewarded. Three kilns were unearthed, each being considered of thirteenth-century construction. They were oval-shaped ovens fired on a horizontal draught system from two stoke holes, one at each end of the oven. In one kiln the oven walls were still standing to a height of 2 ft. and were made from flints and kiln-spoilt pottery, such as jug bases and jug rims, which had been plastered with clay and then baked. Another kiln of similar structure had a part of its walls as much as 4 ft. in height. At the floor level baked clay arches led to flue tunnels which were large enough for a man to crawl through. It is presumed the kilns had bottle-shaped roofs. At the present time the pottery fragments are being carefully studied. From designs on some it is thought that they may have been made for Clarendon Palace, a famous local castle of medieval times.

On left—
SEARCHING FOR ROMAN LONDON: Mr. George Faulkner, the foreman excavator, is digging a pit on the site of the old Barbers' Hall near St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, in the City of London. The Hall was destroyed by bombing during the war. Excavations in this area to uncover the old Roman fort are under the direction of Mr. W. F. Grimes, Director of the Institute of Archæology and Professor of Archæology at London University, who is also the Honorary Director of Excavations for the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council.



A PUBLIC BATH OF ROMAN TIMES: A group of archæologists stands by a recent discovery in the Roman town of Verulamium, outside St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. A Roman public baths system has been unearthed there as a result of work directed by Mr. Sheppard Frere, of the Institute of Archæology, and sponsored by the Society of Antiquaries. Many students of archæology go to dig and excavate at Verulamium, which was one of the finest towns of Roman Britain, and the only community on the island to be granted the status of municipium. This meant that all inhabitants were automatically Roman Citizens. It is only since the beginning of this century that Verulamium has been systematically excavated.

THE ROMAN DEFENCES OF LONDON: In the foreground is Mr. Faulkner, in centre Mr. Timothy Thomas, and background Mr. Ernest McGee. They are digging and searching a trench on the Barbers Hall site. In 1946 Mr. Grimes began an examination of the Roman defences in Cripplegate. It was established that there had been a fort built into the City wall in the latter part of the first century A.D. Two years ago important finds were made, and it was possible to reconstruct the nature of the fort. Its walls enclosed about 11 acres, with Cripplegate, an accepted Roman gate, about half-way along the north wall. On the west excavators unearthed another gate at the junction of Silver Street and Falcon Square.

CHECKING THE EQUIPMENT FITTED IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S NEWEST SUBMARINE: *Left*—At the testing site of the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory at West Milton, in New York, a technician makes a final check of the controls of the power plant for *Triton*, the largest submarine in the world, and the first to be fitted with two nuclear reactors instead of one. *Right*—A crane is used to lift part of the submarine's hull section in which is housed the propulsion system. The submarine cost £39,000,000 to build.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SUBMARINE

"Triton" is the First Vessel of its Kind to be Powered by Two Nuclear Reactors

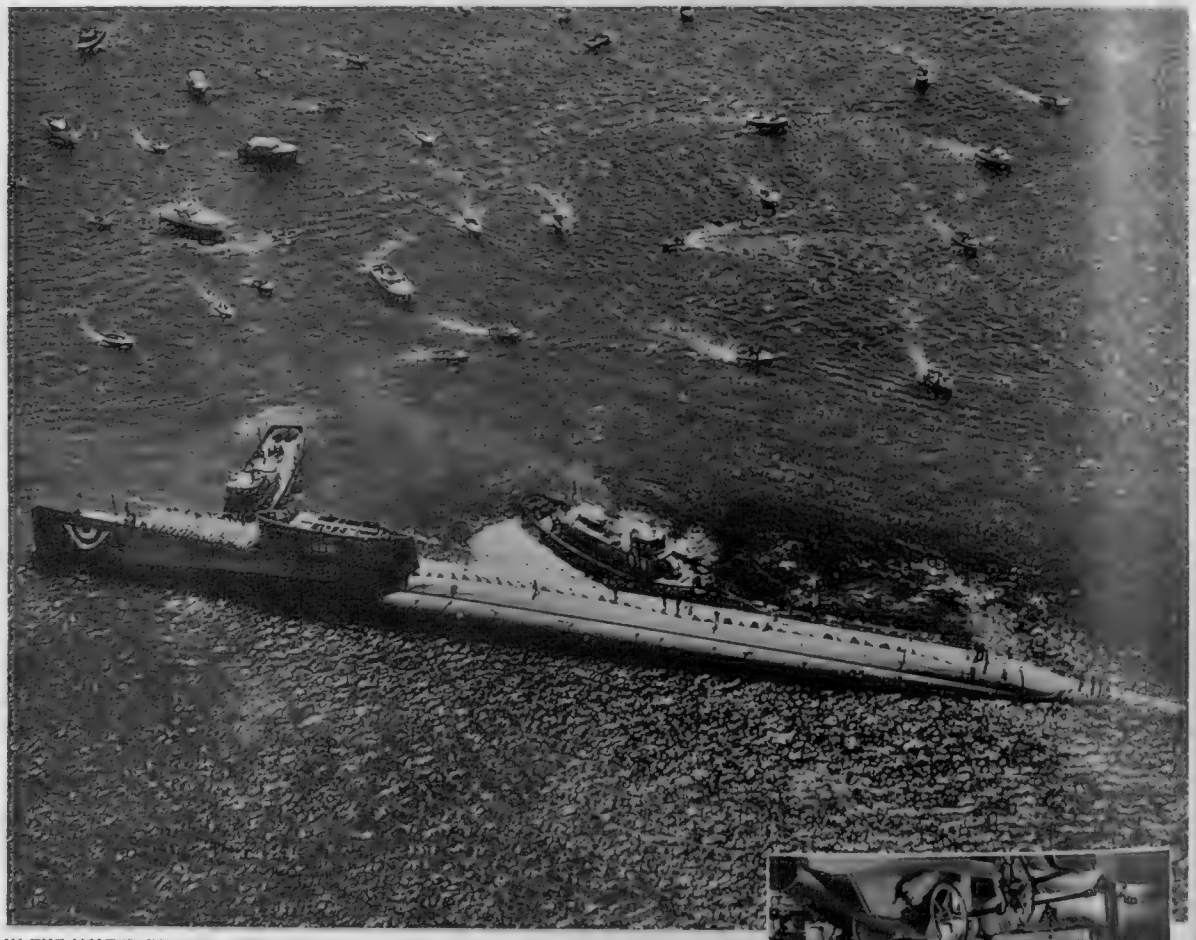
More than 35,000 people gathered at Groton, Connecticut, to watch the launch of America's eighth nuclear submarine, the 5,900-ton *Triton*—the first vessel of its kind to be powered by twin reactors. It was from the same yards of the General Dynamics Corporation that the United States Navy's *Nautilus* was launched in 1954. The *Triton*, about twice the size of *Nautilus*, is a 447-ft. giant, with three decks and two atomic engines. She is the eighth of an authorised fleet of thirty-three nuclear underwater craft. The £39,000,000 submarine has a displacement of 5,900 tons, and when in operation will be a "floating electronic island," sailing the Seven Seas as a mobile radar station.

At the launching, Admiral Jerauld Wright, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Atlantic Fleet, called the new vessel a "nuclear-propelled, invisible, electronic brain" for watching the enemy. He told the assembled crowds: "Her high underwater speed and the long endurance given her by her twin nuclear reactors will enable her to remain submerged undetected and to penetrate deep into the sea areas adjacent to the enemy coast. There she will surface only enough to bring her detection and directing radars above the water to warn our atomic-striking force of approaching attack and direct our interceptors against it. . . . She will be a nuclear-propelled, invisible, electronic brain, hundreds of miles in advance of our atomic strike fleet."

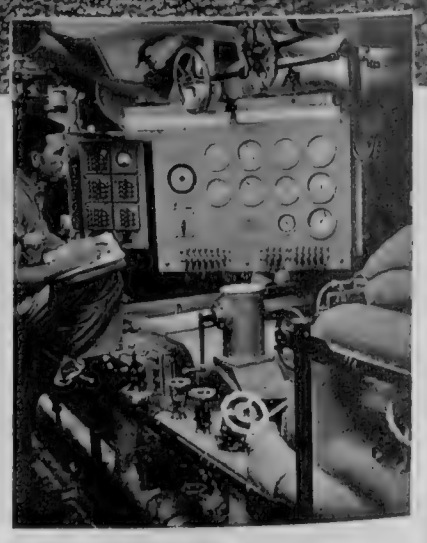
Unlike other atomic submarines, *Triton* is designed to spend considerable periods of time on the surface for radar surveillance. Her hull is therefore patterned more for surface operations than the swift, deep-diving *Nautilus* and *Skate*. Her surface and submerged speeds will be about the same and, while the Navy has not revealed exact speed statistics, speculation is that she will move at 30 knots, the speed of a carrier task force, with which *Triton* will operate. Each of the two nuclear reactors is capable of producing higher shaft horse-power than any other submarine power plant ever built. The vessel's power plant has lower weight per shaft horse-power than any other atomic submarine. At the same time she will have the most compact core of any submarine using water-cooled reactors.

One of the reasons for the cores being extremely compact is that fuel formed in the shape of twisted ribbons is used in place of conventional plate-type elements. These twisted ribbon fuel elements are expected to greatly improve heat transfer efficiency.

Easier refuelling for the *Triton* will mean a saving of about four weeks over the regular refuelling time of earlier nuclear vessels, and because of improvements in engine design, it will be possible to replenish nuclear fuel while the vessel is at anchor at sea.



IN THE WATER FOR THE FIRST TIME: Dressed overall, the new submarine glides through the waters of the Thames River after leaving the slipway at the shipyard of General Dynamics Corporation in Connecticut.



On right—
INSIDE THE HULL: A General Electric turbine-generator which supplies auxiliary power for the *Triton* is tested at West Milton. The Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory has designed and developed the propulsion system for the submarine. Her two atomic power plants are capable of generating enough electricity to light a town of more than 10,000 people.

TRAINING RECRUITS AT CATERHAM

The Initial Training Course for Scots Guards at the Famous Depot in Surrey

LEARNING HOW TO BE A GUARDSMAN: At the Guards Depot in Caterham, Surrey, the beds are ready for inspection. There are about 1,200 recruits at the depot, which houses a recruit company from each of the five regiments of Foot Guards. In these pictures, taken on the occasion of what is thought to be the first time the Scots Guards part of the depot has been thrown open to the Press, can be seen some of the recruits belonging to "K" Company. It is the aim of the Scots Guards at Caterham to train the men to become disciplined, efficient and proud soldiers, who can quickly absorb advanced training. Both on ceremonial parade and on the battlefield the stamp of Caterham is easily recognisable. The twelve-week initial training is divided into 40 per cent. drill, 23 per cent. P.T., 14 per cent. education, 10 per cent. elementary weapon training and 13 per cent. general instruction. The last includes padre's hours, instruction on hygiene and health, pay, and regimental history and traditions. After the initial training recruits are posted to one of the two Scots Guards battalions at Pirbright, in Surrey, on a six-week advanced training course. After this they are fully-qualified Guardsmen. A recruit on joining is aged seventeen-and-a-half, is at least 5 ft. 8 ins. tall, and possesses a high standard of eyesight and physical fitness. On average during his stay at Caterham he gains 6 lb. in weight. This year, every month 59 or 60 recruits have passed through the depot.

LEARNING TO SALUTE: Under the tuition of Sergeant John Smith, three recruits to the Scots Guards are instructed in this art.

READY FOR KIT INSPECTION: Caps, steel helmets and webbing and groundsheet equipment are placed in piles on top of the lockers.

INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF SMALL-ARMS: Sergeant T. Drummond teaches a squad of recruits how to aim and fire. It is hoped that by the end of the year 600 recruits to the Scots Guards will have passed through the hands of the instructors at this training centre.

ON PARADE: A sergeant, holding in front of him a pacing stick, drills recruits on the parade-ground. All guardsmen for each of the Foot Guards Regiments receive the vital first few weeks of their training at the famous depot, which was established in 1877.

AN INGENIOUS ITALIAN SKYSCRAPER TAKES SHAPE: What appears at first sight to be a water-tower reservoir is a new skyscraper for dwellings and offices which has been erected in the middle of Milan, the second largest city of Italy. It is some 360 ft. in height and has twenty-five floors and 800 rooms. Milan underwent great expansion during the early 1930's but its ancient monuments and architectural treasures were preserved. The most famous is the magnificent cathedral, which is regarded as the finest Gothic building in Northern Italy. It stands in the centre of the city very near to where the new "water-tower" apartment building has been erected. Another new landmark in Milan is the Pirelli skyscraper in Duc d'Aosta Square. This has thirty-four floors, three of them below ground-level.

CONSTRUCTION AND DEMOLITION

Modern Structures in Italy and New Zealand; New Homes in South-East London; The Last of a Famous London Theatre; and Two Important Road Development Schemes

THE SLUMS OF LONDON'S SOUTH-EAST WHICH ARE BEING SWEPT AWAY: *Left*—The view is of the area near Hollington Street, Camberwell, where on the space in the foreground once stood rows of decrepit houses. In the background is one of the new blocks of flats in which people from the slum areas have been rehoused. *Right*—A typical row of derelict slum houses with decaying rubble strewn all over the backyards. Since the war, London County Council has rehoused over 11,000 families (over 40,000 people) from its slum areas.

SOLVING THE PARKING PROBLEM IN NEW ZEALAND: In the centre of Auckland, the largest city of New Zealand, vehicles are parked on floors above one another on a building constructed in an effort to help ease the severe traffic congestion caused through the parking of cars in the city's main streets. The elevated car park, a common sight in the United States, has been built by the Farmers Trading Company and to reach the various floors cars proceed up a ramp. In common with many other large cities in the world parking problems in New Zealand are acute and a great deal of time and energy is being spent in trying to overcome these difficulties. In this respect, parking meters have been used to advantage. They were first brought into operation in Wellington about eight years ago and, following their success, were introduced in Auckland two years later.

A NEW EXIT TO THE WEST: Men are at work on the construction of a fly-over section of roadway at a traffic roundabout in Chiswick, where the Cromwell Road Extension joins the Great West Road. The fly-over is part of a £2,500,000 scheme to extend the Cromwell Road in an effort to ease heavy traffic congestion in the vicinity. The fly-over, which will be half a mile in length, is the first major two-level highway scheme to be carried out in the Metropolitan area since the war. It is expected to cost about £820,000.

DEMOLISHING ONE OF LONDON'S LARGEST THEATRES: Piles of rubble lie in what was once the auditorium of the Stoll Theatre, which occupies a large site near the bottom of Kingsway. London County Council have approved a scheme for the erection of a block of offices and showrooms on the site. The scheme also incorporates the building of another theatre. Erected by Oscar Hammerstein for the production of opera, the theatre was opened in 1911 as the London Opera House. Hammerstein's ambition to make it a second Covent Garden was unsuccessful and the building was closed in 1913, to be reopened a year later for variety. After the First World War it was converted by Sir Oswald Stoll into a cinema. During the Second World War it staged variety and concerts and, from 1946, ice entertainments and stage shows. Demolition work began about a year ago.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A FAMOUS LONDON LANDMARK: Work is in progress on the reconstruction of the busy streets in the Elephant and Castle area of South-East London. It is being carried out by the L.C.C. at an estimated cost of £15,000,000. In the middle of the picture is the entrance to a subway, for pedestrians, which will run under the main and subsidiary roundabouts planned for the road junctions. In the background is the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Baptist chapel, which is being rebuilt to seat 2,300 people.

The Sphere of Travel

ON ITALY'S ADRIATIC SHORE

By GORDON COOPER

THE Adriatic Sea divides the coasts of Italy and Yugoslavia, with the former starting at Trieste, and then sloping towards the south-east until it merges in the Ionian Sea at Cape S. Maria di Leuca, in Apulia. This coastline extends over 700 miles, and the width separating it from Yugoslavia varies from under 50 miles to over a hundred in the broader parts. The Italian coast is, for the most part, flat or slightly shelving, except for a few headlands such as the promontory of Monte Gargano and the points which jut into the sea north of it in the Abruzzi. The only ports of importance are Trieste, Ancona, Bari and Brindisi, but there are also many fishing harbours which are now mostly encircled by popular holiday resorts. The main attractions of these centres are the wonderful sands which often extend for miles and offer superb and safe bathing.

Apart from their bathing facilities, almost all these popular holiday towns have their historic memories: the Government of Rome, the Greek colonies to the south, which are also linked with the Norman conquest and the rule of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, the Byzantine occupation of Ravenna, and, of course, the long oligarchic rule in Venice, with the Doges as their symbol. Then, perhaps, Trieste has had the most varied change of masters.

During a recent journey I made from end to end of this Italian coast I enjoyed nothing but perfect weather, with lots of opportunities seized for wonderful bathing. The coastline divides itself into three portions: (i) the most northerly, lying in the province of Veneto, between Trieste and Chioggia; (ii) the almost continuous stretch of sandy beach from Marina di Ravenna to Termoli, beyond which is (iii) the Gargano peninsula and the coast of Apulia.

It is quite impossible to say that any one of the resorts in these three areas is the "best," for it all depends on what you require. Obviously, the Lido of Venice is the most fashionable of all Italian watering-places, while Rimini is the most popular and attracts the largest crowds of visitors in all Italy—there are over 1,500 hotels and pensions there. Then, for the person who wishes to escape from the crowds, there are the much smaller villages, especially those south of Ancona: Portonovo, Sirolo and Numana. Better still are the Tremiti islands, once a prison for Fascist deviationists, but now ready to welcome campers, while the simplest of accommodation is available in a former convent on St. Nicholas. Nor must I omit to mention the Foresta Umbra, on the promontory of Gargano, with its dense, perfumed pinewoods, where there is a pleasant hotel at Bosco Umbra.

Of the seaside resorts, Grado and Jesolo in the northern sector pleased me most, and both offer miles of excellent sands and dozens of good hotels and pensions. Grado has the added appeal of possessing a fine cathedral of the sixth century with a baptistery of the same period, while nearby is fascinating Aquileia, notable for its ancient monuments, including an outstanding Basilica and an Archæological Museum containing objects found in the excavations of the ancient town, a favourite residence of Augustus and, later, the capital of the largest principality of Northern Italy. To-day, it is a mere cluster of houses.

Jesolo combines the pleasures of a modern seaside resort with easy accessibility to Venice—a mere hour's journey. Other resorts in this province include Sistiana (near Trieste), Caorle (east of Jesolo), and the Marina di Sottomarina (close to Chioggia). The last two have large sandy beaches, the first-named a small one.

There is little I need say about Venice's famous Lido, standing on its own separate island and reached by frequent steamer service from Venice itself. Here is the world-famous beach, Casino, and resort hotels. It is all somewhat brash and vulgar. In fact, its main lure to me is the superb view you get from the Lido of Venice.

Between Sottomarina and Marina di Ravenna there are the marshlands of the River Po, with only a few, rather smelly fishing ports. But Marina di Ravenna is a pleasant resort, set amid pinewoods, and within easy reach of the marvellous city of Ravenna. This is indeed one of the most celebrated art cities in Italy, rich in Byzantine monuments of great importance and interest. Every one of its art treasures deserves to be better known. Even a hurried visitor cannot neglect San Vitale (sixth century), whose famous mosaics line its walls; the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia; the Baptistery of the Cathedral and the church of Sant' Apollinare, both adorned with magnificent mosaics. I would also note Dante's Tomb; and the Academy of Fine Arts where, among other works, is preserved the statue of Guidarello Guidarelli. Nor must I forget S. Apollinare in Classe, with its solemn interior, glorious mosaics, and fine sarcophagi. Its existence at the present time is due to that famous soldier, Lieut.-Colonel Peniakoff ("Popski"), but for whose efforts during the war when this church lay in no-man's land it would have been destroyed. This fact is recorded in a memorial tablet.

Marina di Ravenna, like several larger resorts farther south, is also conveniently situated for inland excursions to places such as Bologna, Faenza, Ferrara, and Florence. Then, also in the province of Ravenna are the pleasant seaside resorts of Lido del Savio, Milano Marittima, and Cervia. A feature of all these places by the sea are the surrounding pinewoods.

Next comes the biggest chain of seaside resorts: Cesenatico, Bellaria, Rimini, Riccione and Cattolica. As far as beaches are concerned, there is little to choose between any of them; and they are well provided with organised entertainments and have a wide range of hotels to suit all purses. Incidentally, hotel prices on this part of the Adriatic coast are extremely reasonable and lower than elsewhere in Italy, and it is possible to get pension accommodation for under a pound a day. This will appeal to those with families. Perhaps my own choice on this coast would be Gabbice, which lies just beyond Cattolica and is not as yet too developed.

From Rimini and its neighbouring resorts many excursions can be made, even as far as Venice—a strenuous day's trip. Nearby is that Communist-controlled state of San Marino, which lives on tourists and its postage stamps. Its main attractions are the superb vistas obtainable on all sides, and its excellent local wine. Farther south is Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael, a city of many arts, and which once possessed the most brilliant court of the Renaissance. There is, indeed, nothing lovelier in Italy than its Ducal Palace, with its perfectly proportioned rooms.

Rimini itself has also some outstanding monuments: the Tempio Malatestiano, its most famous building; the Bridge of Augustus and the Arch of Augustus. My own steps brought me back again and again to the first-named, for this strange and lovely church, reconstructed after serious war damage, has an astonishing beauty, and there is nothing to compare with it in Italy or in the world.

Continuing on into the province of The Marches, whose main seaside resorts are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia and San Benedetto. I liked the last-named very much, for it is a veritable town of flowers. It was here, too, that I lodged most comfortably in a Jolly hotel. Pesaro, as well as being a seaside resort, is an art town of some importance; for it boasts an interesting civic museum, a fourteenth-century ducal palace, and other fine buildings. It is particularly known for its glorious musical tradition, linked to the name of Rossini, whose home can be visited. The tradition of historic majolica-ware is kept alive by several factories. Eight miles south of Pesaro is Fano, another interesting town and a pleasant resort. Urbino,

THE TERMINUS OF THE APPIAN WAY: The sun glistens on the water at Brindisi, where there is a large beach of very fine sand. Gordon Cooper describes a recent journey which he made along the Adriatic coast, with its "wonderful golden sands," enjoying "nothing but perfect weather, with lots of opportunities seized for wonderful bathing."

TRAVELLING ABROAD

A New Hotel in Bergen; And Other News

Overnight accommodation in Bergen has always been a problem. You arrive from Britain in the afternoon and there is not enough time to reach your final destination the same day. It is good to hear, therefore, that a new hotel with 200 beds has just been opened; it is the Alrek. This will be the fourth built in Bergen since the war, the others being the Neptun, the Slottsgard and the Orion. I am told that the well-known Bristol Hotel, as well as the Norge and the Rosenkrantz, have been entirely renovated recently. Certainly Bergen is a lovely city and well worth a visit.

Although, in spite of the *Nautilus*, you may not be able to travel under the North Pole for some time, a further opportunity of flying over this short cut to the East comes on November 1, when K.L.M. introduces a new time-saving service between Europe and Japan. There is a 30 per cent. saving in travel time, with a fare the same as on ordinary but less direct routes.

Pan American Air Lines, who pioneered the first commercial transatlantic service, have announced that they will be introducing the first transatlantic jet airlines this autumn. Boeing 707s will cruise between 25,000-40,000 ft. and make the crossing in 6½ hours.

It is interesting to hear that the famous coach service run by Nairn Transport between Damascus and Bagdad is operating normally except that, owing to present restrictions, service has been withdrawn between Beirut and Damascus.

It is now certain that the m.s. *Meteor* of the Bergen Line and the m.s. *Stella Polaris* of the Clipper Line will make a series of cruises next summer, from the end of May to the beginning of September. With the exception of the last cruise of the m.s. *Stella Polaris* to the Mediterranean, the other cruises will cover the North Cape and the Norwegian fjords. Some will leave from Harwich and others from Bergen; connecting services will be available from Newcastle. The duration of the cruises varies from eight to nineteen days. As accommodation is limited, it is best to make reservations as soon as possible.

W. D. C. C.

IN THE HEART OF VENICE: St. Mark's Square is seen from the clock tower of the Cathedral, part of which is in the left-hand corner. Beyond it is the Doges' Palace, and on the other side of the canal is the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. The square is paved with marble and trachyte from the Euganean Hills. *Bottom right*—The beach at the village of Numana.

too, is within easy reach. Farther on is Senigallia, a Gallic and later a Roman colony, which offers the best of beaches.

Ancona, to which I next came, has little of interest to offer the tourist, apart from its newly-reopened National Museum of the Marches, but there are some notable places to be seen in the neighbourhood, especially the important pilgrimage town of Loreto, whose Basilica contains the Holy House. Then, on the coast are the three delectable escapist villages, already mentioned.

I have also referred to the pleasant environment of San Benedetto del Tronto, whose attraction is increased by my discovery of Ascoli Piceno, a most remarkable town which lies some miles inland. My visit there was, indeed, the kind of unexpected reward which delights the constant traveller. Here I found traces of almost every historical period. The most noteworthy monumental buildings are those which date from medieval times and which give the town its particularly original appearance. The Cathedral, the Town Hall in the picturesque Piazzo del Popolo, the Loggia dei Mercanti and the nearby Church of St. Francis with three Gothic-Venetian portals are all rich things to see. Just to stroll along the narrow streets of the old town, with their several high house-towers, brings delight. And I thoroughly agreed with some young New Zealanders who wrote in the Visitors' Book of the Palazzo Longobardo that it was the "finest youth hostel in Europe." They were referring primarily, I think, to the romantic atmosphere and the friendly atmosphere, rather than to physical amenities.

Entering into the province of Abruzzi and Molise, the two simple resorts of Giulianova and Roseto—both with excellent beaches—are encountered before Pescara is reached. This is a place I liked, not least for its fish dishes. The hinterland also is very attractive, and there are some pleasant hill towns and villages where it would be pleasant to stay: Chieti, for instance, whence there are some wonderful views, and some Roman temples to be seen. A recommended escapist mountain village is Guardiagrele, where simple hotel accommodation is available. Here you could savour the true Italian life, as well as the marvellous air.

My next halt was at Vasto (another Jolly hotel), the original home of the Rossetti family; a statue of the poet decorates the main square. From this town there is a delightful view over vineyards, orchards, olive groves, and the sea, while not far away is the Basilica of San Giovanni in Venere (eighth century), one of the finest monuments of the early Middle Ages. I admired, too, the beautifully kept British war cemeteries on the Moro River and the Sangro River, near which there was fierce fighting during the last war. Termoli, a pleasant and coming seaside resort, was my last stop in the province.

Crossing the border into the province of Apulia, the promontory of Gargano is first encountered. Here Rodi Garganico is a small resort with a good beach, while motoring itineraries of interest are to the Sanctuary of the Archangel Michael in Monte St. Angelo and to Father Pius of Pietralcina in St. Giovanni Rotondo. Farther away are Lucera (Cathedral, and formidable Swabian fortress) and Troia (eleventh-century Cathedral, one of the finest in Apulia). From Rodi it is also possible to visit the Tremitis, and the Umbra Forest.

On the coast of Apulia there are few good beaches. Trani is the only place that can be recommended, not least because it is a good centre for visiting many wonderful buildings, including some superb Norman cathedrals. Bari is another good excursion centre, but with poor bathing facilities. In its old town is the celebrated Basilica of St. Nicholas, and there is the fine Lungomare, a magnificent seashore promenade. In the hinterland are the extensive grottoes of Castellana and the extraordinary village of Alberobello with over a thousand "trulli," i.e., picturesque houses with beehive roofs originating from remote antiquity.

Next comes the port of Brindisi, the terminus of the Appian Way, the "Queen of roads." Here there is a large beach of finest sand, but I think for a stay I would prefer to move farther south to the province of Lecce. Here I like the two small seaside towns of Otranto and Santa Cesarea Terme. Lecce itself, the "Florence of the South," is one of the most attractive and interesting of Italian towns. There is a profusion of baroque buildings, along with important Roman remains. Certainly, for anyone who cares to motor along the coast of the Adriatic sea, this "Athens of Apulia" offers a most fitting climax.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Italian State Tourist Department, 201, *Regent Street*, *London*, *W.1*.

IN THE NIGER DELTA: Port Harcourt is the water transport base of the Shell-BP Petroleum Development Company of Nigeria Ltd. Barges, launches and landing craft make frequent trips along the Bonny River carrying men and materials to the drilling sites throughout the Delta. In operating in remote parts oil companies are frequently compelled to set up their own lines of supply from the seaboard or the nearest industrial area to meet demands for stores.

PROBLEMS OF OIL TOWNSHIPS

The Need for Social Integration in Remote Communities Scattered Over the World

With the search for oil throughout the world, prospecting is taking place in many remote parts of the world and new townships are springing up in rural areas or in the bush. For families living on or near the oilfields scattered round the globe, the pioneer hardships and difficulties of early explorers for oil are only a memory. No longer do they have to live in a primitive fashion in tents or caravans. Nowadays, while an oilfield is being developed, the problems of housing the community growing with it are faced and solved at the same time as the work goes forward on finding and tapping the oil. Families are not brought to the site before houses are designed to cope with the vagaries of the local climate, and schools, hospitals and family recreation centres planned. As the new township comes into existence, air, water, and road communications link it to the outside world.

In Nigeria, where the Shell-BP Petroleum Development Company of Nigeria is estimated at the moment to be spending about £1,000,000 a month on the search for oil, Port Harcourt, in the Niger Delta, has become of increasing size and importance. The practice of building up a self-contained oil community in undeveloped localities is a disappearing trend. It is now the policy to expand in places where some village or town facilities already exist. At Port Harcourt, the present technical and administrative headquarters for the prospectors who are conducting an intensive search through the Delta, new blocks of flats have been built for senior staff. Since medical care is essential in the Tropics—it is not so long ago that Nigeria was thought, like Sierra Leone, to be a "white man's grave"—medical units have concentrated upon preventive, as well as curative medicine, with a remarkable record of success.

With the principle of building oil centres in villages or towns where some facilities exist goes a sense of responsibility to the community. The conducting of actual oil operations has been accompanied by a process of social integration. Oil towns are now becoming a normal part of the countryside and are no more thought of as closed communities. Oil companies are ceasing to provide amenities on the scale they have done hitherto. Employees live either in their own houses or rented houses belonging to third parties, and the companies are encouraging the construction by other firms of facilities which are available to everybody inside or outside the oil community. In some cases one of the problems of integrating the oil community to the outside village is the lack of utilities available in the latter. Here, outside contractors are encouraged to provide them.

This development is under way in several countries, notably in Nigeria and Trinidad. The aim is to avoid setting up a class of privileged oil-worker living apart from a neighbouring community. Care taken to maintain high standards of living achieved by company enterprise is instrumental in benefiting outside communities, not only by increase in wealth, but also in the introduction of modern amenities. Many outlying parts have become linked to the rest of the world through the construction of modern lines of communication, such as well-surfaced roads and airstrips.

In all oil communities this problem of integration is most clearly seen in the education of the workers' children. Government support is sought in many cases and in some communities schools are run by religious orders. The development of classes for local inhabitants to receive practical instruction involves courses ranging from typing and cooking to mechanical engineering. Students may also travel abroad on oil company scholarships to receive training up to university level.

Although many specialists, who come from outside the country in which the oil township is located, are needed, local inhabitants are extensively employed, and much effort is made to avoid national classes of divisions inside the community; this is particularly so in base headquarters, where the site is as often as possible constructed near an existing village or township. In outlying districts in, for instance, parts of the Niger Delta among the swamps, a self-contained community, where the Company provides all the amenities, is still the only solution. Shell-BP's increasing efforts over many years to find oil in Nigeria have not only provided a hope that Britain may not in the future be so dependent on supplies from the troubled Middle East, but also have provided amenities which did not previously exist.

AN EXPLORATION CAMP: Set up in a clearing in the bush near Calabar, in the Eastern region of Nigeria, are the huts of the oil prospectors. In this camp all accommodation and facilities for the staff on the site are provided by Shell-BP. Roads are built through the bush and aircraft are often used to keep outlying stations in contact with the base.

RECREATION: Children splash happily in the pool at the recreation centre at the N.V. Nederlandse Aardolie Maatschappij Schoonebeek oilfield in the Netherlands.

ACCOMMODATION: These blocks of flats in Port Harcourt were built by Shell-BP for senior members of staff working in the area in the Eastern region of Nigeria.

THE TELEPHONE SERVICE IS BIG BUSINESS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

A POLITICIAN does not absolutely have to possess a special flair for public relations to take responsibility for Britain's telephones; but it certainly helps. It has been Dr. Charles Hill's main talent as a politician, and his successor as Postmaster-General, Mr. Ernest Marples, possesses it to perhaps an even more marked degree. And Britain's telephone system, what might be called the "growth element" of the Post Office, has been in need of the most skilful public relations work during the last few years. For during the whole of that period hopes of a technological revolution in the telephone service they could offer have been growing closer to reality: but until this year at least, never quite fast enough to keep up with costs. First Dr. Hill and then Mr. Marples in his turn have had, time and time again, much the same mixture to administer to the public: the sugar of a vastly improved telephone service to-morrow, the pill of higher charges for the one we get to-day.

This sugar, it is only fair to add, is as real as the pill: and during the last twelve months, telephone subscribers have begun to taste it in reality, not only in honeyed promises. Last January's widening of the area covered by the local threepenny call, from an average radius of say 9 miles to one of 30, was indeed an effective reduction in charges for most of the toll and trunk calls. The "subscriber trunk dialling" facilities that are to be introduced in Bristol at the end of this year, by which people will be able to dial any number in the country from their own telephone without asking any operator, will further cheapen trunk calls, and even local calls (for the people who manage to keep them short).

How many Bristol subscribers' telephone bills will go down in 1959 and the succeeding years, and how many up, is still an open question: but that will depend on the use they make of an improved and potentially a cheaper service. As a man running a commercial business, the Postmaster-General cannot but hope that they use it more.

For the telephone service is the largest and almost the only developing part of a very big business indeed, the G.P.O., and in recent years it has managed to become a more and more commercial part. Moreover, any telephone service embodies a peculiarly large amount of capital equipment; and Britain's is now passing through a period of major technical change in that equipment, which means spending much more on capital each year than would be required simply to maintain it. About £800,000,000 has been invested already in this system, and if one were replacing it to-day, its network of plant, wires, and equipment all over Britain would cost about £1,200,000,000. This year the G.P.O. will be investing about £95,000,000 in replacements and additions to the telephone service, which one might note for comparison is just about as much as the annual investment of Britain's whole steel industry. Any commercial business with as heavy a capital investment as that would be primarily concerned to have the fullest possible use made of its expensive equipment: so is the Post Office.

Moreover, the economic effect of the thorough-going technical changes that the G.P.O. is now making in the whole pattern of its telephone system will be primarily to save labour, and indeed to cut running charges of all kinds. Capital charges, to pay off the costs of yet more complex equipment now going in, will make up an even bigger share of total costs than they do to-day. Telecommunications is one of the few fields of engineering in which that much-abused word "automation" is beginning to become a practical reality: by 1970, the G.P.O. expects to need only half its present number of 50,000 operators and supervisors.

Nor is this saving in operators likely to be significantly offset by any great increase in the numbers of men required on maintenance and telephone engineering. It is an uncanny and chastening fact that much telecommunications equipment, not only simple elements such as lines and the instruments themselves, but also complex exchanges containing vast numbers of small parts which can go wrong, can continue to operate very well with a minimum of maintenance: indeed, down to a certain level one can say that the less routine maintenance that is done, the less likely the equipment is to go wrong.

After a lengthy series of operating studies that conclusively proved this seemingly unlikely hypothesis in practice, the Bell Telephone System a few years ago radically revised its whole policy of telephone exchange maintenance; and the same thing is occurring here. The new types of equipment which will be coming into service are based more upon electronic devices, such as valves and eventually transistors, than on relays with moving parts where a speck of dust can make a contact faulty: these sealed electronic devices inherently need less maintenance than the electro-mechanical components they will replace.

Technically, three developments have made it possible to begin this complete rationalisation of the trunk system. First was the progress towards completion of the process of giving subscribers dial telephones: about 80 per cent. of the 7,000,000 or so telephones installed in Britain now work to local automatic exchanges. Second has been the development of co-axial cable for main trunk routes, in which a single cable connection now does the work formerly done by a thousand pairs of telephone wires. The third, and most recent, was the development of GRACE (Group Routing and Charging Equipment) by the Post Office's research men at Dollis Hill and the General Electric Company.

This electronic "operator"—the first equipment at Bristol will be housed in racks about 10 ft. 6 ins. high and 4 ft. 6 ins. wide—will store the digits of the special trunk numbers dialled by a subscriber in a register built up of "cold cathode tubes," and identify the group of exchanges in the country to which the call will have to be connected. An electronic translating device will inspect these digits and deduce from its built-in "memory" of possible interconnections how the call should be routed: this information, passed back numerically to the register, will enable it to operate switches all the way down the line, make the telephone connection, and then automatically clear itself to handle the next call. Bristol's first installation, to deal with 18,000 subscribers, will have sixty-six register units but only two translator units normally working at any one time: these will be able to connect 6,000 trunk calls an hour, within a few seconds of the numbers being dialled. At the same time, GRACE will record the time and cost of the call on a meter.

This steady improvement of the trunk telephone system, which by 1970 is hoped to mean that three-quarters of all trunk calls are dialled by subscribers, will intensify the economic pattern of the telephone service—as a hugely convenient system which is very expensive to provide and extremely cheap to run. Putting a call through, even now, is not very costly: providing the service, and giving people access to it, is what costs the money. Giving a new subscriber the telephone is not as simple as connecting a house to water, gas and electricity mains since each subscriber or "party" of shared instruments has to be connected to the exchange along a separate pair of wires. Figures are surprising. The Post Office avers that the instrument costs £9, exchange connection and apparatus £16, and cable to the exchange, on the average, no less than £85: a total of at least £110 for each of about 5,000,000 exchange connections.

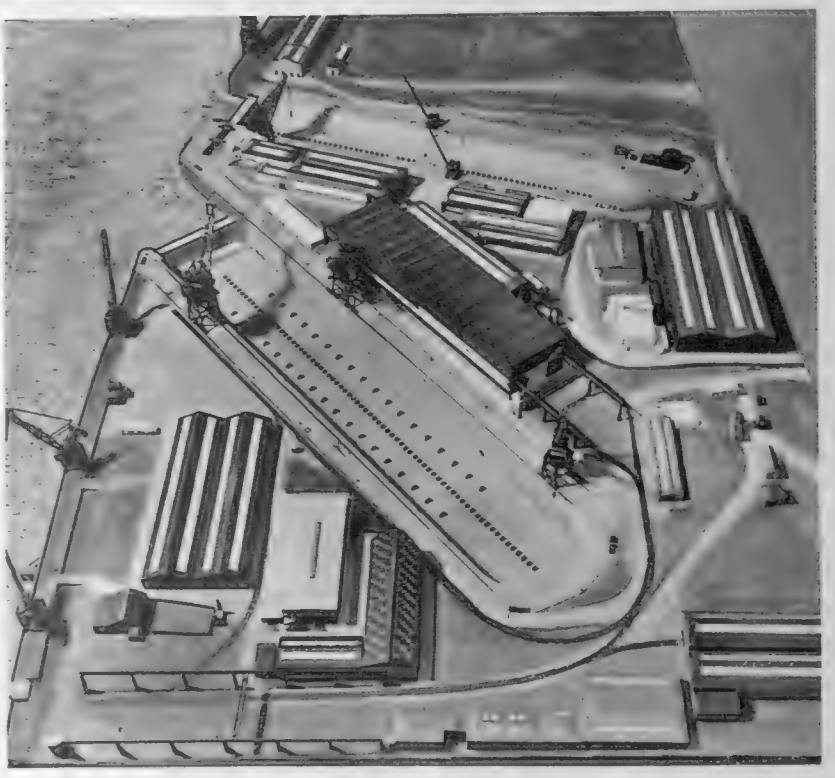
What this implies, inevitably, is a high rental charge and low rates for actual calls. During recent years, we have been made to realise that being on the telephone is an expensive convenience: using it is cheap. The local call to-day costs three times what it did before the war, but when the new routing and charging equipment comes into service, a three-minute local call over a far wider area than before the war, will cost only twopence: it will be much cheaper than most other goods and services we buy. The telephone rental, for, say, a private home in the country is now three times the pre-war rate: there is little hope that this element in one's bill can come down. The British use their telephones less than any other subscribers in the world: it could be that more people have the telephone than really get full value out of it.

Most of the benefits of this telephone revolution inevitably accrue to the trunk caller. Technically, the primary benefits of "automation" had already come to local telephones with the Strowger automatic dialling system in the '20's. The range of local calls has certainly been greatly widened with the grouping of exchanges: but GRACE, among her other duties, will incidentally time local calls, and charge for them in units of three minutes, not allow us to gossip with our friends for as long as we like for threepence. Though it is reckoned that two-thirds of local calls to-day last three minutes or less, loquacity is clearly going to become more expensive. The ability to dial somebody in Inverness from Bristol may not be vastly welcome to the housewife who doesn't know anybody in Inverness: the need to be laconic—or pay for not being—in talking to her friends in Bristol may seem to her to matter a good deal more. Time—and the telephone accounts of 1959—will tell.

DEVELOPMENT PROGRESS IN THE TELEPHONE SERVICE: The most recent development in the trunk system is the machine known as GRACE (Group Routing and Charging Equipment) and this view is of the main equipment showing the electronic registers and translators. *On right*—The picture taken a few years ago shows the largest incoming switchroom of the General Post Office's trunk exchange at Faraday Building, in London.

PROGRESS AT BARKING

Marked progress is being made on the Eastern Region's fly-over scheme outside Barking Station, in Essex. The fly-over forms part of the vast modernisation programme on the London, Tilbury and Southend lines of British Railways, and when completed next year will greatly facilitate the movement of trains through this very busy junction. This picture was taken looking east from the western approach to the main fly-over (in the foreground) which will carry the St. Pancras-Tilbury lines over the London Transport and Fenchurch Street-Southend lines; on the left is the western approach to the fly-over which will carry the west-bound L.T.E. track, and in the background is the new Tanner Street footbridge which spans all tracks. A second fly-over, west of the station, and a dive-under, east of the station, will enable lines to cross each other without causing congestion.



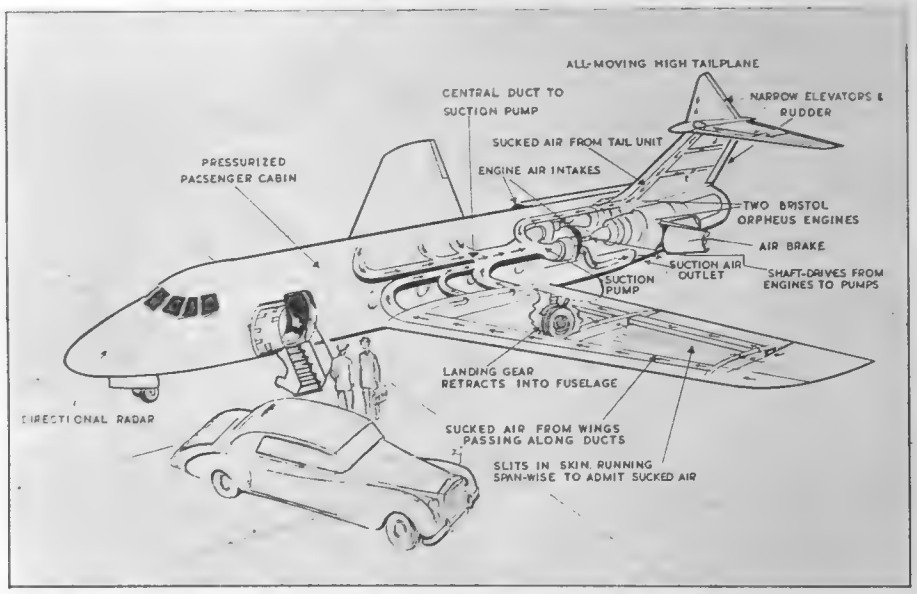
A MARINE FIRE-FIGHTING SYSTEM

A 40-gallon drum full of blazing wood wool, shavings and rope ends soaked in paraffin is lowered into No. 2 hold of the Elder Dempster Lines M.V. *Daru* during a demonstration of the "Pyrene-E.D.-Hol" Inert Gas Fire Extinguishing System with which this vessel is equipped. As the fiercely-burning drum entered the hold the flames were extinguished by the heavy concentration of inert gas. The test was staged recently at Greenock by the Pyrene Co., Ltd., supported by Elder Dempster Lines and W. C. Holmes, of Huddersfield, for over forty guests, including representatives of ship-owning and ship-building companies, the Admiralty and the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. The ship is fitted with an inert gas generator and pipelines and inert gas discharge points in all the holds, and also with the "Pyrene" Smoke Detecting System which operates in conjunction with the fire extinguishing pipeline system. The generator unit produces gas from the combustion products of diesel oil; thus shipmasters need not worry about a limited fire-fighting potential when far out at sea nor have to return to port for replenishment.

On left—

A DRY-DOCK FOR THE TYNE

Near their existing dry-dock at the Palmers Hebburn ship repairing works on the Tyne, Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Limited are to construct a new large dry-dock. It will be 850 ft. long, 145 ft. wide and with 35 ft. depth of water over the blocks. Designed to accommodate oil tankers up to 85,000 tons dwt., it is so situated that in the future it can be extended to 1,000 ft. to take tankers of over 100,000 tons dwt. A feature of the dock will be adjustable bilge blocks in place of side shores, as the use of the latter would be impracticable in a dock of this size. A new deep-water quay is being built to the east of the present works, which will extend the total river frontage to 2,000 ft.

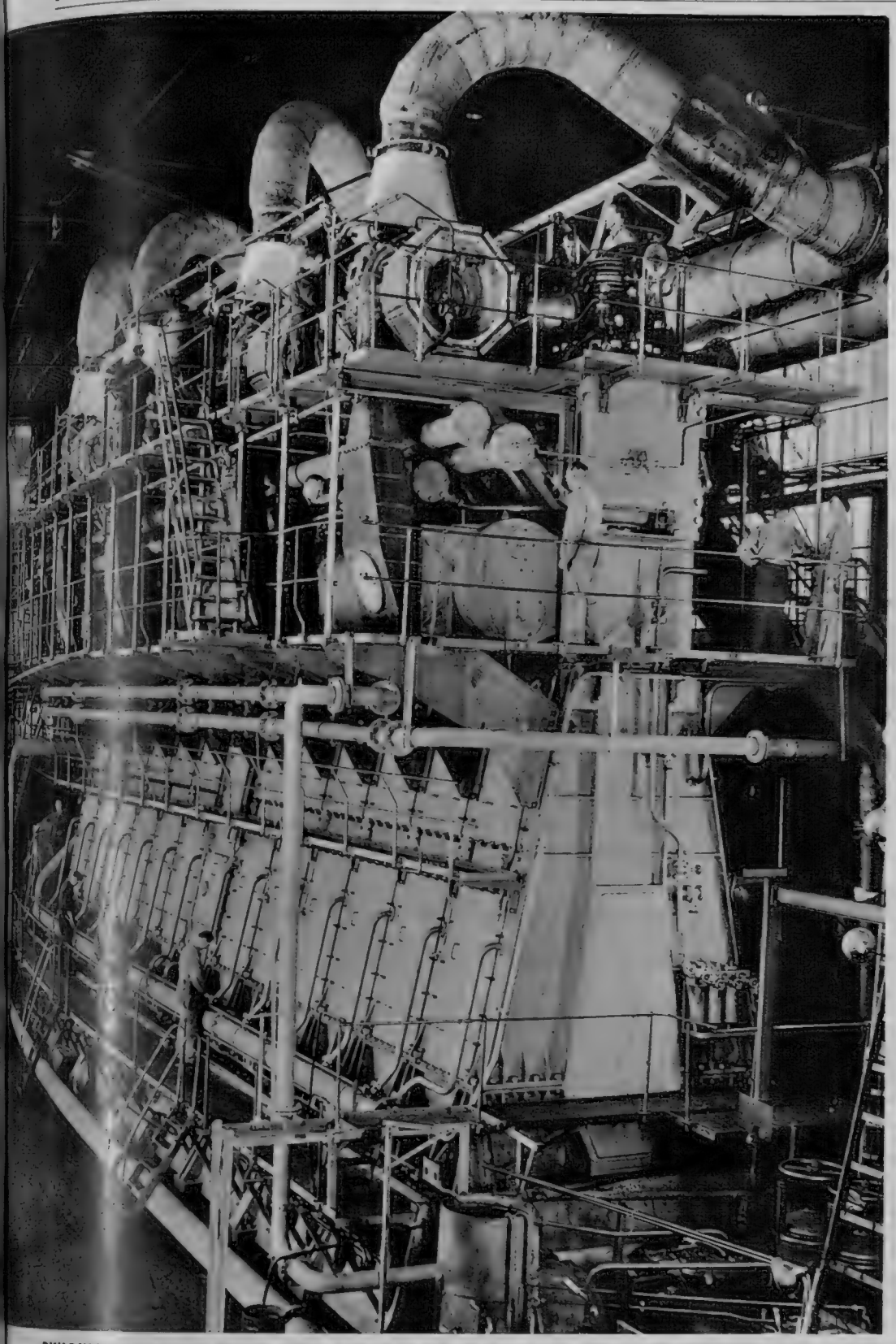


A SMALL HIGH-SPEED RESEARCH JET AIRLINER

The Handley Page 113 is a research vehicle for demonstrating the feasibility of the laminar flow technique for application to long-range aircraft. It has been designed as a small jet airliner for the transport of V.I.P.s and business executives over long distances at high speeds. It is the latest of a series of studies undertaken by the company, and will be powered by two Bristol Orpheus jet engines. Two four-stage axial-flow suction compressors are used to suck boundary-layer air from wing and tail surfaces in order to maintain a laminar airflow. Over most of this area air is sucked through machined slots, but on leading edges and wing access doors porous steel is used. The elimination of a turbulent boundary-layer airflow results in reduced drag, giving a vastly increased range, from 3,870 to 6,300 miles, and increased maximum payloads. It is hoped the aircraft will be flying in about 2½ years' time.

A BRITISH LIQUID-PROPELLENT ROCKET ENGINE

Details revealed by the de Havilland Engine Company recently of the Double Spectre liquid-propellent rocket show that this comprises a fixed-thrust Spectre D.Spe.4 mounted above a variable-thrust Spectre D.Spe.5, both units operating on their normal propellent combination of high-test hydrogen peroxide and kerosene. The use of two well-developed rocket units has enabled progress to be so rapid that the Double Spectre was recently given an officially observed Special Category Flight Test at Hatfield. A vertical arrangement of the two units avoids yawing, which in a horizontal alignment would occur if either engine were shut down. Of particular importance is the flexibility of the Double Spectre throughout its power range.

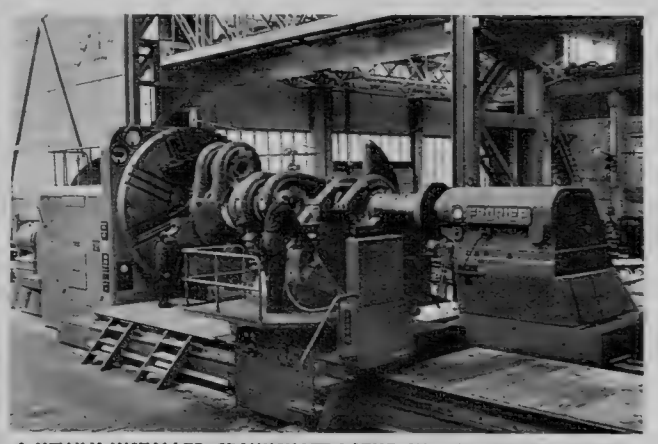


BUILDING THE BIGGEST MARINE DIESEL ENGINE IN THE WORLD: The 12-cylinder engine, developing 15,000 b.h.p. at 115 r.p.m., is in the test shop at Burmeister and Wain's works in the Christianshavn district of Copenhagen (Denmark). It is to be delivered to Olsen Brothers A/S of Stavanger (Norway) for installation in a 32,000-ton tanker. *Below right*—The top of the engine, showing the four turbo chargers; in the rear are twelve valve springs.

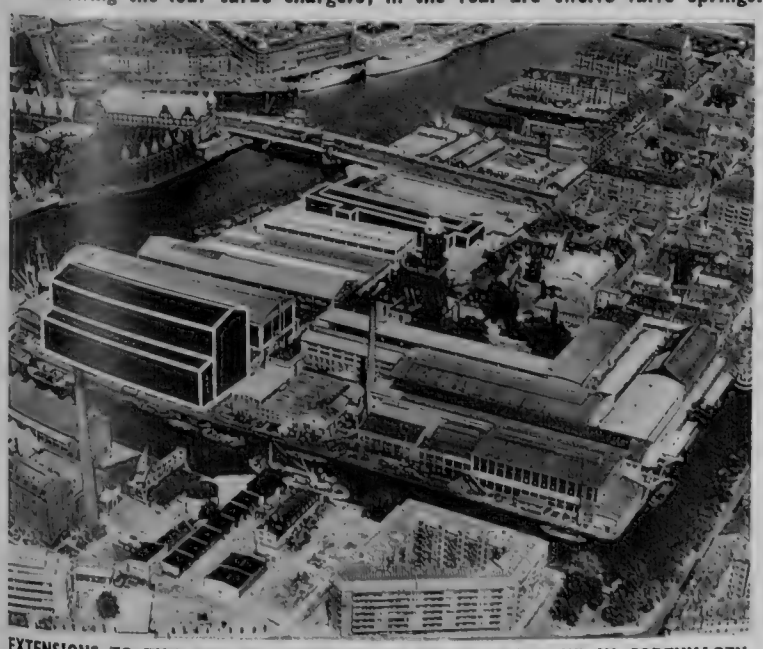
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MARINE DIESEL ENGINE

At the present time there are more than 100 motor tankers of over 30,000 tons deadweight under construction or on order, and of these, many will be equipped with turbo-charged Burmeister and Wain diesel engines. The 12-cylinder engine (illustrated on this page), which is being finished in the company's works in Copenhagen for shipment to Stavanger, is the largest in the world. It develops 15,000 b.h.p. at 115 r.p.m. and when installed in a 32,000-ton tanker will be capable of giving the ship a speed of 16 knots. A Japanese company building Burmeister and Wain diesel engines on licence has already delivered one engine of this size and several more are under construction with licensees in Sweden, France, Spain and Japan. Altogether there are more than thirty such B. and W. diesel engines on order.

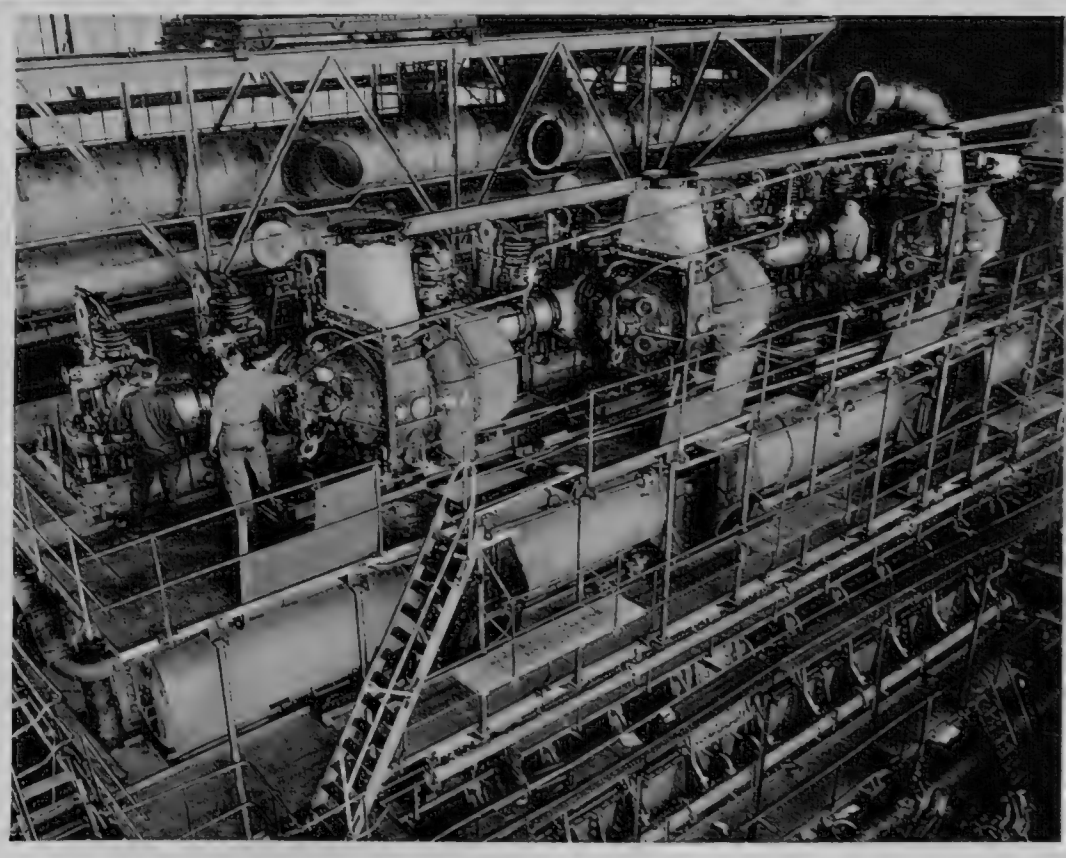
To facilitate the building of the new large diesel engines it has been necessary to plan comprehensive extensions as well as the modernisation of the company's works in Copenhagen, where rapid developments have been made during the past few years. The test shop which is being erected will have a total floor space of about 23,000 sq. ft., and there will be a test-bed foundation extending the full length of the shop. This will then allow the erection and testing of up to three of the largest engines at one time. In the shop, cranes will operate at two levels; uppermost will be a 100-ton erection crane, and below that two 35-ton cranes. Adjoining the test shop there will be a three-storey building to accommodate the assembly and pipe-fitting shop and from each respective floor there will be direct access for the men working on the engines on the test bed. The extensions also include the lengthening and modernising of the crankshaft shop. For the manufacture of large crankshafts a 100-ton crane has been purchased, so that crankshafts weighing up to 200 tons can be manufactured in two halves. As well as having subsidiary companies throughout the world for the sale of both large and small diesel engines, Burmeister and Wain have twenty-four licensees in a number of countries. At the time of writing the Danish company and their licensees have contracts for the building of B. and W. engines totalling more than 3,000,000 b.h.p., and of this total all but a few are for turbo-charged plants. Since 1952, when the company introduced the first turbo two-stroke diesel engine, orders placed for B. and W. turbo-charged engine plants represent a total output of 6,087,325 b.h.p., of which 2·8,000,000 have been delivered.



A NEWLY INSTALLED CRANKSHAFT LATHE IN THE ENGINE WORKS: It is capable of machining crankshafts up to 160 tons. The total length of the machine is 70 ft. and it weighs 235 tons.



EXTENSIONS TO THE ENGINE WORKS CLOSE TO THE HARBOUR IN COPENHAGEN: The projected new test shop is indicated on the left of this aerial view; in the centre (in front of the bridge) is the site for the new head office.



CLIMBED FOR THE FIRST TIME

An American Party Achieving Victory on a Hitherto Unconquered Karakoram Giant

ANOTHER of the "giants"—the peaks of over 25,000 ft. in the ranges to the north of India—has been conquered. At the beginning of last month two Americans reached the summit of Gasherbrum in the Karakoram. Apart from adding to the records of mountaineering, the two men became unique in the annals of their own country. They are the citizens of the United States who have climbed to the highest altitude. Gasherbrum, a neighbour of the famous K2, is 26,470 ft. high. Its Indian Survey symbol is K5. In fact, there are six peaks known as Gasherbrum, so one should be careful to distinguish between the varieties of Gasherbrum from I to VI. Gasherbrum I, the highest, is the mountain climbed by the Americans. It is also known as Hidden Peak, this title having been given to it at the end of the last century by W. M. Conway (later Lord Conway of Allington), during his survey of the Baltoro Glacier. Conway, erroneously, believed that the mountain could not be seen until the upper end of the glacier is reached.

Hidden Peak is the second highest peak in the Karakoram range, being exceeded by the 28,250 ft. K2. Its conquest is therefore a very considerable achievement. The news reached London only last week of the American success, and in the first reports the barest details were given. The climbing party consisted of eight Americans, two Pakistani officers and six Balti porters. They had a long and hard trek of sixteen days before they reached the base of the mountain. They spent a week in reconnoitring the possible approaches and on June 11 the climb proper began.

The plan was to establish five camps, the lowest or base at 17,000 ft. and the highest at 23,500 ft. In the climb between Camps II and III, difficulties were encountered in the form of an ice wall 400 ft. high. The party took a week to overcome this obstacle. June 28 found the climbers in Camp IV, but for the next four days they were confined by blizzard to their tents. Then the weather changed and the decision was taken to carry on towards the top, in spite of adverse meteorological reports picked up by radio. The site for Camp V was duly reached. From there the ascent to the summit was about 3,000 ft.

Early on the morning of July 4, two Americans, Kauffman and Schoening, set out to crown the expedition's endeavour with success. They followed a route up the South Face and in eleven hours they were standing on the peak hitherto untrodden by man. They spent an hour taking photographs and then descended to Camp V in five hours. On arrival there they were reported to be "almost in a state of shock." Kauffman had suffered severe frostbite in his toes but soon recovered.

So much for the bare facts of a story which in mountaineering annals must undoubtedly rank as an epic. The truth about Hidden Peak is no longer concealed from mankind and the world will wait with interest to hear fuller details of the American-Pakistani achievement.

In height Gasherbrum ranks twelfth in the list of Himalaya and Karakoram mountains. According to G. O. Dyhrenfurth in his book, *To the Third Pole*, the word is of Balti origin and, the author has been frequently told, it means "Shining Wall." It is odd, as Mr. Dyhrenfurth points out, that there should be another mountain in the same region with a name similar except for the initial letter—Masherbrum. But Tibetan is not a language in which many Westerners can claim to be expert.

The first survey of the area took place in 1892, under, as already mentioned, W. M. Conway. Among the other members were C. G. Bruce (later Lord Bruce) and the Swiss Guide Mathias Zurbriggen. They created a sensation by reaching the top of Pioneer Peak (22,606 ft.). But equally important was their survey of the Upper Baltoro Glacier which lies on the way to K2 and to the Hidden Peak.

In 1909 the Duke of Abruzzi led a party to explore the Baltoro and reconnoitre the approaches to K2. In so doing he brought back much valuable information about Hidden Peak. Twenty years later, Abruzzi's nephew, the Duke of Aosta, was leader of another very useful survey in this area, but it was not until 1934 that a party went out with Gasherbrum as its primary objective.

This was G. O. Dyhrenfurth's International Himalaya Expedition. Hidden Peak was reconnoitred from many angles and the South Gasherbrum Glacier was explored. For various reasons no attempt could be made on Gasherbrum itself, but a number of nearby mountains were duly climbed. They were all the four summits of Sia Kangri or Queen Mary Peak (24,350-25,000 ft.), and the south-east summit of Baltoro Kangri, or the Golden Throne (23,800 ft.).

In 1936 the French Himalaya Expedition under Henri de Segogne arrived in the Karakoram. It was very well equipped with Sherpa porters. Unfortunately the members had had little Himalayan climbing experience. It was also, according to Mr. Dyhrenfurth, a heavily overloaded expedition. Nevertheless, the climbers reached a height of over 23,000 ft., but then bad weather and a series of mishaps forced the descent.

From the information brought back by the various parties who had hitherto essayed this mountain, it seems clear that the Americans accepted the advice that the South Face offered one of the best chances of success. But even so, the fact that the two Americans have finally achieved the ambition of many mountaineers in the past must be entirely due to their own initiative and courage and the teamwork of the other members of the expedition.

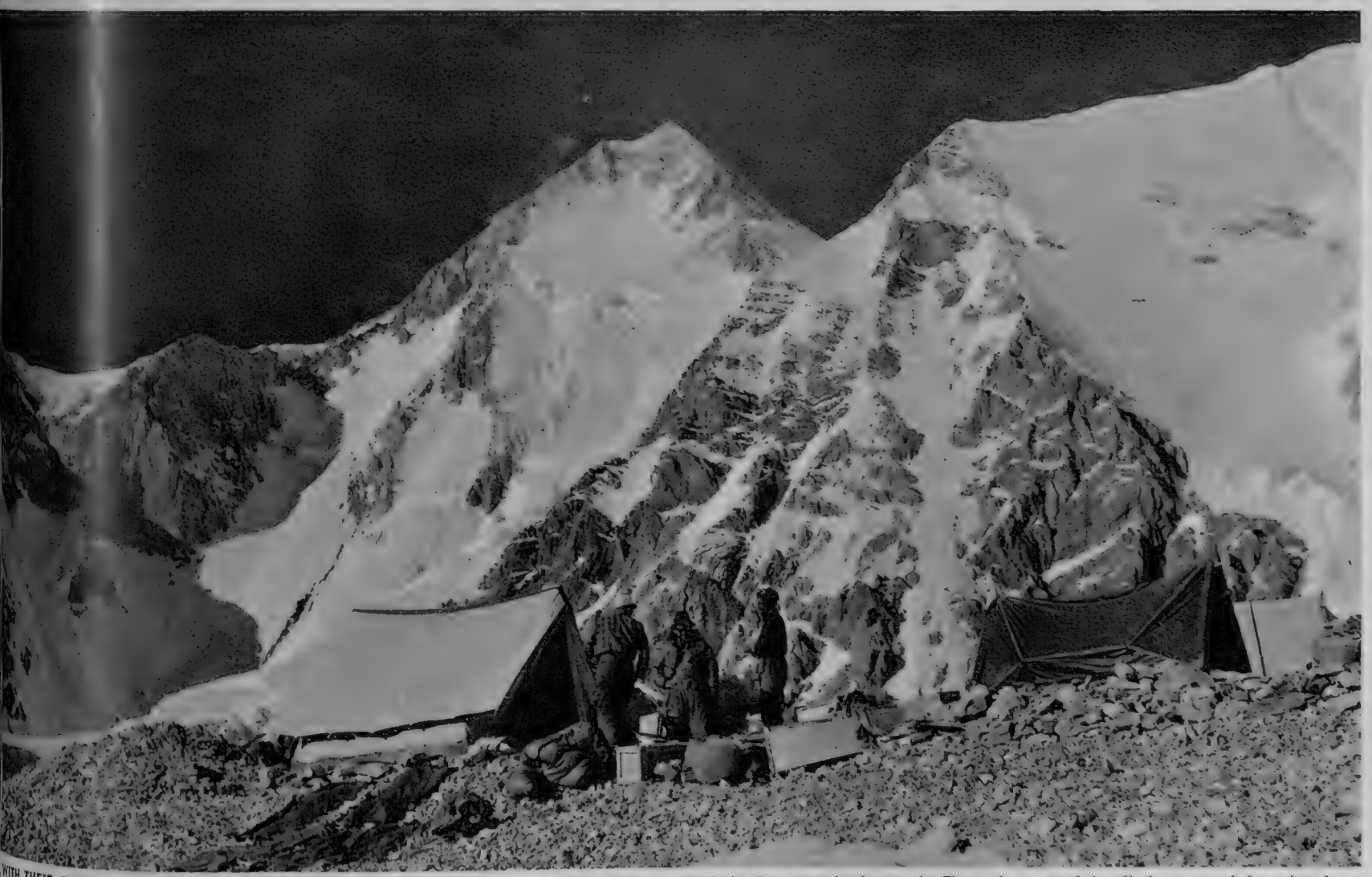
NEAR THE START OF A 26,470-FT. CLIMB WHICH MADE MOUNTAINEERING HISTORY: Members of the expedition to Gasherbrum—also known as "Hidden Peak"—in the Karakoram mountains cross the River Panmah by means of a bridge of woven bark and twigs. The party consisted of eight Americans, two Pakistani officers and six Balti porters. Two of the Americans eventually reached the summit of this hitherto unconquered 26,470-ft. giant. There had previously been only two serious attempts on the mountain—both in the 1930's.

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION TO CLIMB GASHERBRUM: The eight Americans and the two Pakistanis are grouped together. In the left background is the steep cliff below the summit of Gasherbrum.

ON THE BALTORO GLACIER: The party makes its way past a crater on the long glacier which leads to many of the great Karakoram peaks, including K2 and Gasherbrum. Prominent in the centre background is Muztagh Tower, scaled by a British expedition in 1956.

On left—

11,000 FT. UP: In single file the heavily-loaded climbers move upwards along a narrow path above a steep precipice. On the ascent five camps were established, the last of which was at a height of 23,500 ft.



WITH THEIR GOAL IN SIGHT: Above base camp at 17,000 ft. towers the lofty height of Hidden Peak, in the centre background. The major part of the climb was carried out last June. Then, on July 4, two of the Americans, Kauffman and Schoening, made the final assault, reaching the top by the South Face in eleven hours. They spent an hour taking photographs before starting the descent. On arrival at Camp V they were "almost in a state of shock" and Kauffman was found to be suffering from severe frostbite in four of his toes.

The World of Books

THE WAY OTHERS LIVE

Running a Hotel for Children; American Eccentrics; the Dead Sea Scrolls; the Problem of Starvation Throughout the World; and Recent Novels

MOUNTAIN climbing, deep-sea fishing, bull-fighting or motor racing are not the only dangerous ways of living. There is, for instance, the perilous business of running a Children's Hotel and such an exploit is described with immense vivacity by Mrs. Verily Anderson who, with her husband, undertook to turn her Sussex manor house into a temporary haven for the young. BEWARE OF CHILDREN (Hart-Davis. 16s.) is aptly titled and cheerfully written. Indeed, its sustained good humour comes pretty close to the miraculous when one considers that this venture of Mrs. Anderson's included such small items (on the part of the childish lodgers) as shop-lifting, homicidal tendencies and the merest touch of arson.

Among the decisions made by this intrepid couple before declaring their home open is one about having no rules. This idea of Donald Anderson's is based on two eminently sensible reasons. First, no conceivable number of rules would cover all eventualities and, second, he is leaving for foreign parts himself. When he returns he finds that his indomitable wife has coped with more fantastic predicaments than anyone but Edgar Allen Poe could have devised and that she is alternately demanding that all the children should be sent away immediately or that she herself should be removed—presumably to some excessively lonely place. Within twenty-four hours she is making plans for future batches of juvenile guests and, on reflection, it is just that divine optimism which is the mainspring of Mrs. Anderson's wonderfully warm and funny book.

Ten remarkable characters and their eccentric means of living, or rather of keeping alive, have provided the material for Mr. Edmund G. Love's equally remarkable book, SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING (Gollancz. 15s.). Mr. Love, who has known all the people he describes, regards them as his friends. They are not, he insists, tramps or "bums" but people who have brought considerable ingenuity to their particular way of existence. Many of them use far more effort to maintain themselves than a normal business man or woman. They have not given up hope like the real derelicts. On the contrary, they are leading stop-gap lives waiting for the big break, for the miracles in which they still believe.

Henry, a university graduate with a master's degree in economics, sleeps in the subway. Not just any subway but a particular line which allows him more unbroken rest than any of the others. Charlie has spent ten years saving money to train as an opera singer. His most effective economy is in rent because he knows to a second what time his friends are going to spend out of New York, so that he can remind them to lend him their apartments. Martha arranges to have no clothes, or anyway, no clothes in her near possession so that hotel people will be embarrassed to evict her. Helga has three fiancés, shall we say, each of whom contributes to the rent of her flat without being aware of the existence of the others. The planning that *that* must take would doubtless do justice to an atom scientist. The others in Mr. Love's collection are as original in their *modus operandi* and are neither criminals nor dead-beats. In print, at least, they are a fascinating crew and sworn enemies of the complacent or the banal.

MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS (Secker and Warburg. 35s.) is Professor Millar Burrows' second book on these great, recent discoveries. It is more than ten years since the first of these scrolls was found, with its far-reaching significance to Biblical scholarship. Since then eleven caves in all have been found and these have yielded scrolls and fragments which have been the subject of world-wide study. The author of the present book is a most distinguished authority himself and his two relevant works constitute the clearest and most comprehensive survey of the situation that has yet been made. Both in its profound erudition and in its lucid exposition—for he writes for laymen as well as experts—Professor Burrows has probably provided the definitive work on a series of discoveries as exciting as they are important.

Mr. Donald K. Faris, a United Nations official in the Technical Assistance Administration, has written of one of the greatest problems in the world to-day: that of hunger. Nearly two-thirds of the world's population to-day, as he points out, is living close to the starvation level. "Visualise a line starting from your front door, made up of the hungry of the world. The line goes on out of sight over continent and ocean, around the world—25,000 miles—and returns to your front door. On and on it stretches, circling the globe not twice nor five times, but twenty-five, and there is no one in the line, but hungry, suffering humanity." TO PLOUGH WITH HOPE (Gollancz. 21s.) examines some of the problems which arise from this state of near-starvation, the epidemics, illiteracy and overcrowding. In the second half, its author describes the ways in which these are being tackled through the United Nations agencies and through the efforts of some of the states themselves. Mr. Faris writes soberly, authoritatively and with a small but steady light of hope in his disquisition.

Mr. Peter Schmid is a Swiss traveller, photographer, observer and writer whose journeys have resulted in several books on Japan, South America, Spain and the Far East.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SITTING-ROOM AT OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT: This picture forms the dust-jacket of the final volume of the Connoisseur *Period Guides* to the houses, decoration, furnishing and chattels of the Classic Periods. Volume VI is called *The Early Victorian Period*, 1830-1860. The editors for this and the other period guides are Ralph Edwards and L. G. G. Ramsey; it is published by The Connoisseur at 42s. Since the Victorian era is to-day becoming of increasing interest to the student and to the professional collector, this authoritative and informative guide is both timely and valuable.

THE NEW FACE OF CHINA (Harrap. 18s.) is his latest and if it is not quite as detached or as objective as is claimed, it still ranks as an entertaining and very personal view of an ancient land. The photographs are the sharp, informative ones of a good reporter, and although one or two of them, such as the view of the Great Wall, have an intrinsic beauty, their value is generally far more in the subjects they illustrate—collective farming, crèches, slum property, new architecture—than in their style. The translation from the German has been made by E. Osers.

The first of the novels of this week's selection is also a first novel. THERESA'S CHOICE (Constable. 18s.) is by Rachel Cecil who, with Sir Desmond MacCarthy as a father and Lord David Cecil for husband, can be said to have lived her life so far in surroundings of distinguished literary taste. In a way, of course, such companionship must offer rather daunting standards and I see that the new writer of the family has waited some years before venturing into fiction with a story of London in the late 1920's, a polite London with a corollary of country houses and a tradition of fairly restrained Bohemianism.

One of the qualities that are apparent in the telling of this charming and civilised story is its youthfulness. Even granted that this is essentially a story of youth, about a pretty, sensitive girl and her three suitors, it is also true that not every novelist, not even the most practised among them, can always convey the inconsequences and the vivacity or pathos of young people in conversation. This, Lady David Cecil has managed admirably and I have found it the most attractive thing about her story as a whole. In the smooth and consciously deliberate manner of its telling there are overtones of Maurice Baring's style, so effortless as to seem plain and yet inimitable, but it is Rachel Cecil's own style and I hope she will continue in this new career.

A SUMMER PLACE (Cassell. 16s.) is by Mr. Sloan Wilson, who wrote that popular but curiously unsatisfying novel, *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. His new production has the same polish and possibly the same degree of appeal, but it deals with people whose emotions, if not less complex, are more believable. An island off the coast of Maine is a beautiful resort for a few families each summer. In winter it is almost deserted and swept by icy gales. Nevertheless, it becomes a symbol of many different things to the young people of its resident families. For one, the scene of a first, idyllic love, for another, the reminder of poverty and frustration, for a third, a memory of youth and insouciance.

The background is not constant; it moves to Buffalo and to the beaches of Florida, but the island remains a constant in the recollection of the people who have known it all their lives and in its odd influence on their decisions. Mr. Wilson seems to run his imagination on a freer rein in this novel.

The New York of Mr. Bernard Glemser's THE LIEUTENANT (Macdonald. 15s.) is a city sweating and panting under one of those really killing, humid heat-waves which are a local speciality, and also a city which is basically foreign to at least three of the story's protagonists. In every respect these suffer more than their Manhattan friends who have their own ways of enduring the climate, getting on with their work and, not unnaturally, understanding their compatriots. What Mr. Glemser has here is a very good idea for a story: the post-war career of a man who has been in command of a bomb disposal squad during the London blitzes. In other words, a man who has given proof of exceptional physical courage, beyond the bounds of any duty, and who, years later, is still unable to come to terms with civilian life. One of his phobias is unpunctuality and this can be explained by the agonising concentration necessary for disarming a time fuse. This and other evidences of intolerance make him hard to deal with, but he remains a war hero, with a casualty to his

ALONG THE THAMES

The Best Way of Seeing London

"The great street paved with water": thus John Masefield once described the Thames. The Poet Laureate's phrase is very apt because if one was asked what was the single thoroughfare from which the most, and the best, of London could be seen, the answer would obviously be the Thames. "Liquid history"—another description of the river—is nowadays an overworked *cliché*, but it is, none the less, true. And how little the average Londoner, even the Thames-side dweller, really knows about his river. This lack of knowledge can now be remedied by reading LONDON'S RIVERSIDE—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, by Eric de Maré (Max Reinhardt. 30s.). The author has aimed at what he calls "a guide for Everyman" and admirably succeeded. Each chapter is concerned with a set period, from the Roman times to the present day. Sometimes they are most ingeniously contrived. For example, we are shown the panorama of the Thames in the early nineteenth century from Howard Mogg's map of 1827. The ways in which the views from the river have changed through the centuries are emphasised by illustrations matching the excellence of the text. In his final chapter Mr. de Maré considers possibilities for the future, such as the Holford Plan for the City, as well as recalling some suggestions in the past for improvements to the banksides. An enormous amount of research has been the basis of this book, which deserves superlative commendation. It is to be hoped it is only a first volume. The author limits himself to the reaches from the Pool to Chelsea. But a little beyond Chelsea is the best of all the Thames stretches, from Fulham and Putney to Hammersmith and Chiswick. One looks forward with great pleasure to being conducted further upstream by Mr. de Maré.

Professor Griffith Taylor is one of the outstanding academic figures of Australia. He is a geographer of international repute who, since his birth at Walthamstow in Essex, seventy-eight years ago, has travelled very widely—Cambridge, Toronto and Chicago are among the universities outside Australia which have known him. Not his least claim to fame is that he was a member of Scott's last and tragic Antarctic Expedition and his chapters about this in his autobiography JOURNEYMAN TAYLOR (Hale. 25s.) will be read with especial interest. Incidentally, when he came to write his book about the expedition he invited a young artist then contributing cartoons to the *Sydney Bulletin* to do several pen-and-ink sketches. His name was David Low. So Professor Taylor may well have been one of the first to introduce a great genius to a wider public. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor has abridged and edited *Journeyman Taylor* from the copious notes made by the Professor on his extensive journeys round the world. The book is perhaps a little long but all of it is rewarding reading.

It might be thought that a book about skating would appeal only to those who skate. This is far from the case with THIS SKATING AGE, by Howard Bass (Stanley Paul. 15s.). For instance, how many people speeding round the rinks know that their patron saint, St. Lydwina of Schiedam, broke a rib while engaged in the sport? Or that Napoleon, as a military cadet, narrowly escaped being drowned when skating? But Mr. Bass is concerned with much more than history. He offers instruction to beginners and explains the various "figures." He has much to say about the great

A FAIRY-TALE FROM NEPAL

Little enough I understood in 1940 of what went on in curtained Nepal. In 1912 King George V, after the Indian Durbar, spent a week of sport in Nepal, and in 1940, when I was writing the king's personal memoir, Lord Wigram told me that every year since 1912, the king's secretary had received from the Maharajahs (in 1912, Chandra Shamshere Jung) letters breathing the good will and loyalty to the Throne engendered by that visit of a constitutional, responsible sovereign! Little did I realise that these Maharajahs were a hereditary caste of Prime Ministers who held all chief posts and power and kept imprisoned their lawful sovereign and religious head in conditions which Hans Andersen would not have dared to invent. Little, I suppose, did King George V realise it in 1912 or until his death.

In WITH A KING IN THE CLOUDS (Hutchinson. 18s.) Erika Leuchtag tells the story of that fantastic imprisonment and (for once) the blurb does not exaggerate the excitement of the book's revelations. In 1949 she went to far Nepal to give physiotherapist treatment to the senior queen. She soon became the devoted friend of the king, his wives and daughters. She found them, prisoners in the opal, enduring a silken incarceration, remote from all realities. The king, young, ardent to assume his responsibilities, was allowed by the ruling caste no reading matter but store catalogues and no recreation but to buy their most expensive and futile gadgets in gold and jewels. His masters totally ignored him, used him under guard to perform essential ceremonial, and spread abroad a legend that he was sunk in vice. Writing and receiving letters was forbidden him.

Miss Leuchtag discovered the truth about his character and galvanised his failing initiative, employing all the technique of an underground organisation. Soon after she left Nepal, contact was established with Nehru and with help from the Indian Embassy the Royal family escaped to Delhi, and a long-dormant national impulse overthrew the Ranas' long tyranny; by the end of 1951 Nepal obtained a democratic constitution under her king. Miss Leuchtag's king died in 1955. I cannot tell if she exaggerates her influence on these events. There is no exaggeration in echoing Miranda to Prospero: "Your tale, sir, would cure deafness." The age of fairy-tales did not die with the world wars.

John Gore

(*Concluded from previous page*)

mind and morale which is less easy to treat and less a matter for ordinary sympathy than a more obvious injury. This is a very adult novel. It contrives to be a sympathetic picture of a city or a small part of it, such as most travellers explore, and, at the same time, a compassionate portrait of a man whose wounds are none the less crippling for being concealed behind a handsome, foppishly-dressed exterior.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is another novel of New York but about a different section, or even another level of it as it exists in fact or in the writer's experience. Mr. Warren Miller writes sharply, intuitively and sometimes alarmingly about a group, most of whom don't originate in New York anyway, who experiment in the kind of existence which used to be censured fairly sharply as the kind of nonsense which was only possible in Montparnasse.

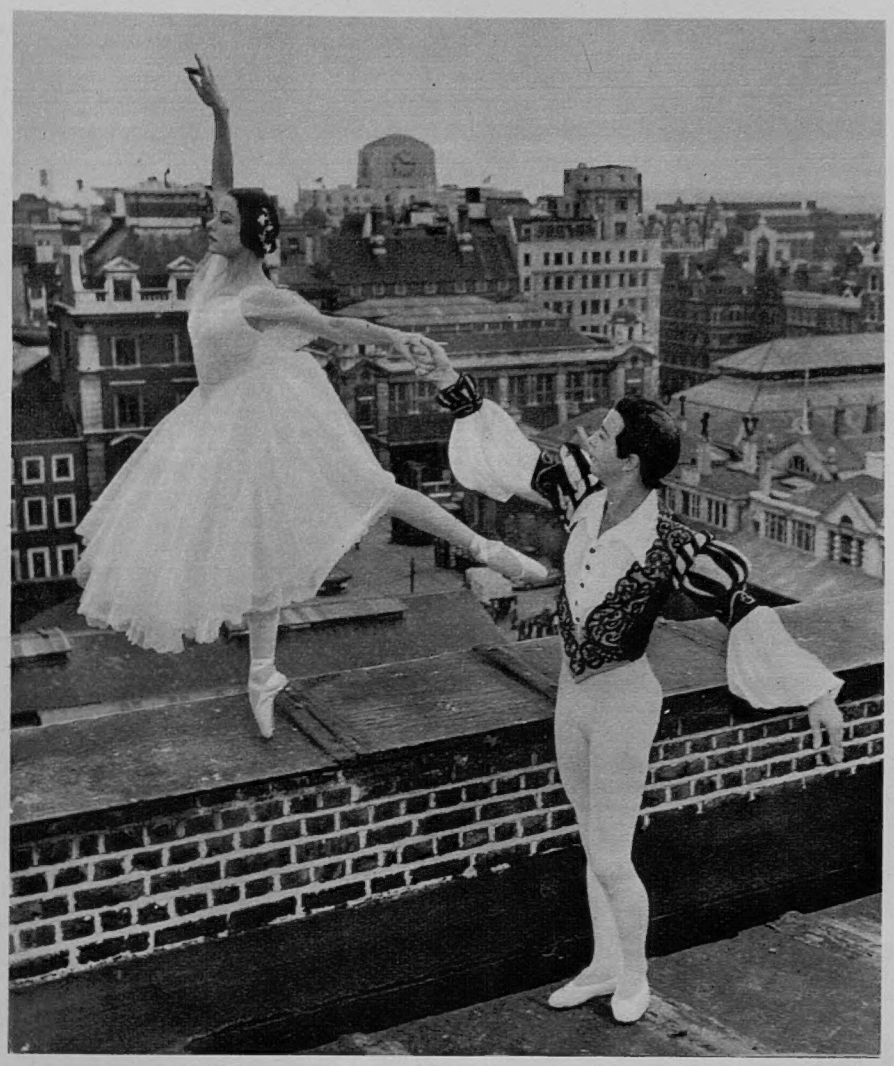
Vernon Fane

games in the sport and about its administration. Then he proceeds to consider his subject in its other aspects, such as ice hockey and the theatrical spectacles and performances on ice. Nor is roller skating overlooked. In each chapter he never fails to hold the reader's attention.

The current vogue for books which have as their theme the inviolability of English Law deserves the attention of sociologists. The reason presumably is that there is a growing body of opinion which considers that reform would not be out of place in the whole structure of our justice. Inevitably lawyers rally to defend the *status quo* just as journalists, when criticised, are always ready to prove to their own satisfaction that the British Press is the best and most liberal in the world and doctors will concede no points for the British medical profession. It is all laudably understandable. Cecil Fielding, a barrister, in JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT (John Long. 16s.), is determined to show that the Law as administered from that architectural monstrosity at the end of the Strand, in London, is heavily weighted in favour of the accused. In his conclusions he has some thoughts about minor law reforms. But the fact is that this book is rather dull.

Two more jungle books for those who are not infatuated with tales of tigers, lions, elephants, crocodiles and other savage beasts. ZOO SEARCH IN CEYLON (Harrap. 16s.) is by Heinz Randow. As its title implies, it is about collecting animals for zoos. Major Robert Curran is the author of A BREATH OF THE WILDS (Hale. 21s.). He has hunted with both rifle and camera in Africa, Burma, Canada, Ceylon, India, Mexico and the United States. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands writes the introduction and Lord Cranworth, K.G., the foreword.

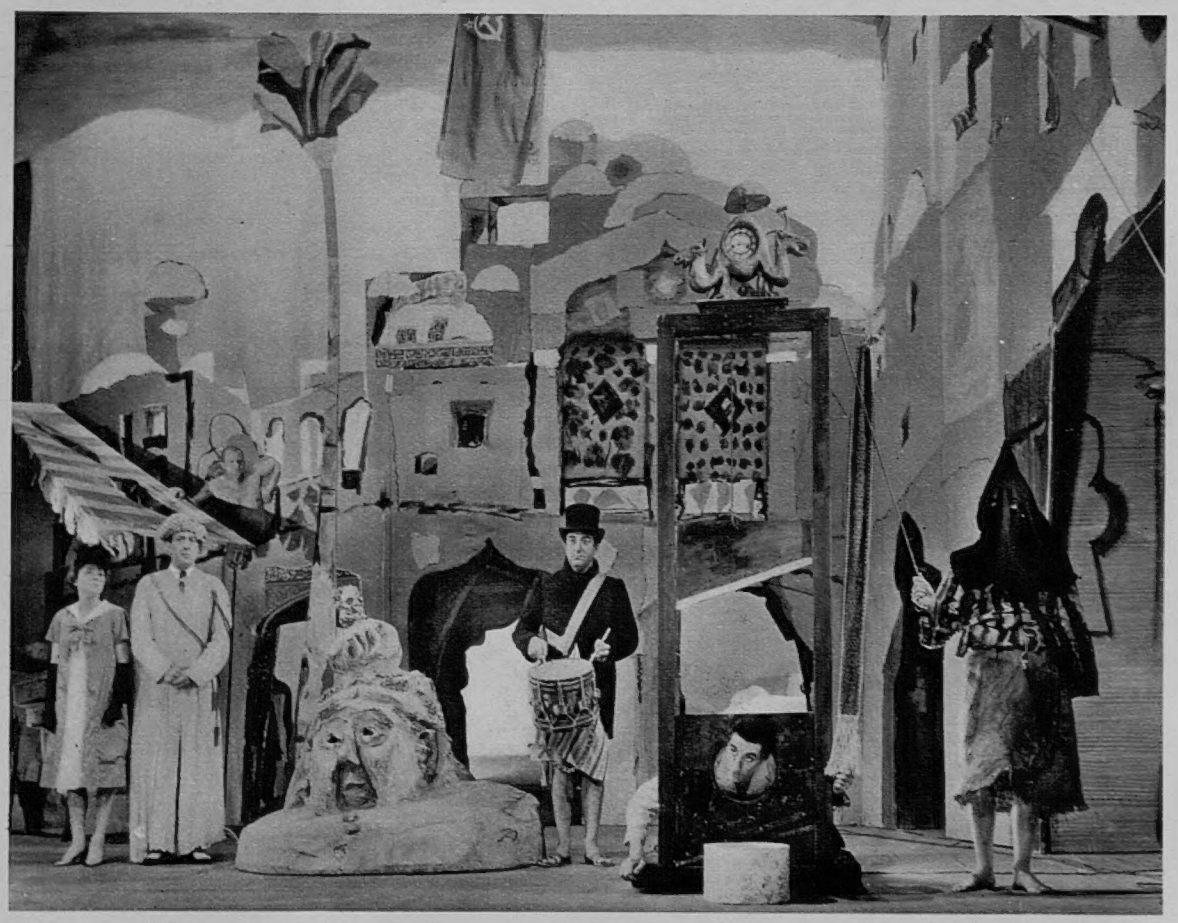
C. D.



BALLET AND A NEW PLAY IN LONDON

On left—

GUEST STAR: Rehearsing on the roof of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, is Yvette Chauviré with her partner, Alexis Rassine. During the Royal Ballet's four-week season, which started on August 18, the premier French ballerina is giving ten guest performances, in *Les Sylphides, Giselle, Lac des Cygnes, Act II,* and the *Sleeping Beauty*. Yvette Chauviré recently led the Paris Opera Ballet in their season at the Bolshoi in Moscow, where she was much acclaimed for her performance in *Giselle*. During the season in London she is dancing in the full-length version of the *Sleeping Beauty*, in which she has never appeared before. She is being partnered throughout by Alexis Rassine. The last time she appeared at the Royal Opera House was during the French Opera Ballet season in 1954.



A NEW COMEDY ON THE WEST END STAGE: In this scene from *Brouhaha*, a comedy by George Tabori which is being presented at the Aldwych Theatre, the characters are, from left to right: Pamela Buscombe (Anne Leon), Stitch Allentock (Jules Munshin), O. Tyepkin (Leo McKern), the Sultan (Peter Sellers), and the "victim" (John Wood). *On left*—Peter Sellers, wearing a steel helmet and the top half of a battledress, gives his people instructions in the subtle art of revolution on Huwayat, a kingdom by the sea, formerly a British Protectorate. *Brouhaha*, presented by International Playwrights' Theatre and directed by Peter Hall, is notable for the debut in the straight theatre of Peter Sellers, who has appeared in practically every other medium of entertainment. He plays the part of an Eton and Oxford-educated Sultan of an impoverished, imaginary Middle East State which discovers that the only way to get aid is to create trouble. They do this by blowing up the British Resident and staging a revolution. In the fantastic and hilarious events that follow, both America and Russia compete to help.

INSIDE A ROYAL AIRCRAFT

The Interior of Two Vikings of the Queen's Flight which are Being Converted into Ordinary Passenger-carrying Aircraft

INSIDE THE ROYAL CABIN: In the soundproof cabin there are four seats—two facing forward and two to the rear. Each pair of seats has a telephone, while each individual seat is fitted with a built-in parachute. The colour scheme throughout is cream and blue.

The fittings inside aircraft used by the British Royal Family are not greatly different from those in standard types. In the case of Vikings of the Queen's Flight they are extremely simple but, at the same time, afford the necessary requirements for members of the Royal Family while on board. The pictures are of the interior of two Vikings which the Queen has decided shall not be used for future Royal flights. They have been purchased by an independent charter airline company which is converting them for use as tourist-class aircraft. A Viking of the Queen's Flight is divided into separate compartments—the flight-deck (with every aid to navigation and safety), the Flight Commodore's office, the kitchen, a four-seater entourage cabin, a four-seater Royal cabin, a toilet and crew room. In the Royal cabin, two of the seats face forward and two to the rear. The backrests, which can be adjusted to suit the requirements of the occupants, are fitted with built-in parachutes. The covering of the seats and the carpeting are of matching royal blue. Each set of seats has a cream telephone at hand and on one side of the cabin are a clock and air speed and height indicators.

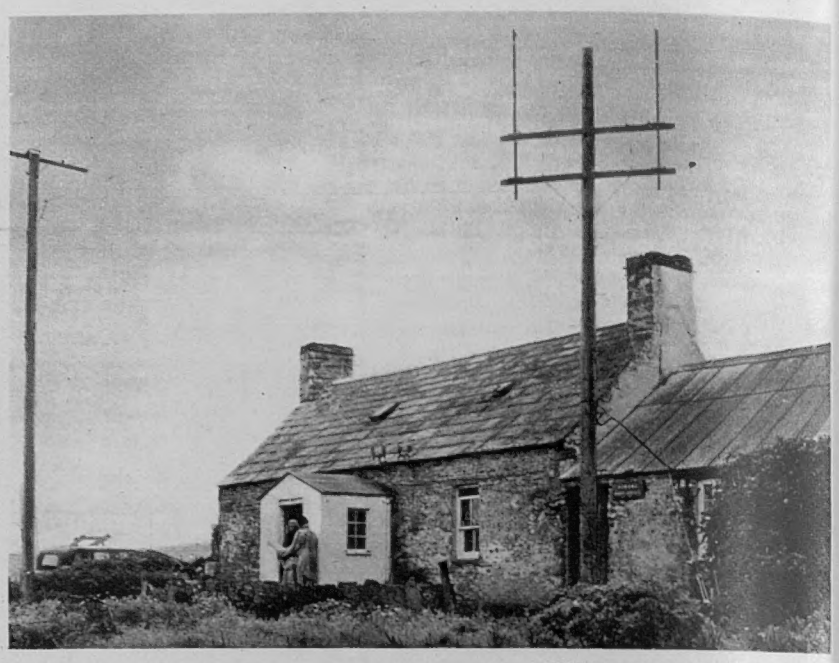
On right—

A COMPACT KITCHEN: It is fitted with special drawers in which cutlery and chinaware can be stored without fear of them being damaged. On the left is a water heater and above the draining board a call panel. Under the sink is a small refrigerator. When the Queen decided to dispose of the two Vikings it was the first time the public were able to see the appointments of a Royal aircraft, special permission having been given for photographs to be taken of the cabin and its fittings,

THE FLIGHT-COMMODORE'S OFFICE: In front of the seat, which is fitted with a built-in parachute, is a folding desk. On the wall is a special radio-telephone which enabled direct communication to be made with Buckingham Palace and Balmoral Castle.

DISPUTE OVER AN ISLAND

The Plan to Give Away a Scottish Island as a Prize in an American Television Quiz Programme is Dropped



STORM OVER STROMA: Radio and telephone aerials loom above the post office on the windswept Pentland Firth island of Stroma, which was to have been offered as one of the prizes in an American television quiz programme. *On left*—Miss A. Wares, one of the island's population of only eighteen, sorts parcels and letters in the post office.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK: Mr. Sinclair, the oldest inhabitant on the island, prepares his creels for fishing. In the background are derelict boats.

One saga of Stroma—the tiny island two miles off the Caithness coast of North-East Scotland—is over. The news that the island was to be given away "lock, stock and barrel," as a prize in the American "Bid 'n' Buy" television quiz programme aroused a storm of protests from Scots on both sides of the Atlantic. The owner, Mr. J. C. Hoyland, a Yorkshire businessman, had been offering the island for sale for some considerable time and it had been advertised for sale in an American periodical. Caithness County Council took a serious view of a segment of their county being given away to an American televiewer as a prize and protested to the Secretary of State for Scotland. This prompted the sponsors of the programme to reconsider the idea, and after discussions it was decided that they should not go ahead with the "stunt."

SCOTLAND'S FIRST-PRIZE ISLAND: An open boat crosses the water from the mainland and approaches Stroma's harbour on the left of the coastline. The island, which is roughly triangular in shape, lies about two miles from John o' Groats, Caithness.

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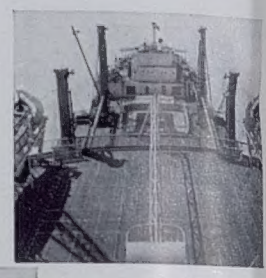
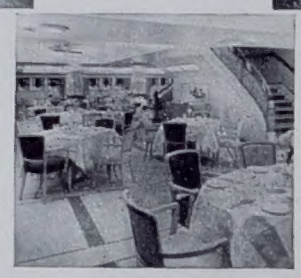


The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service.



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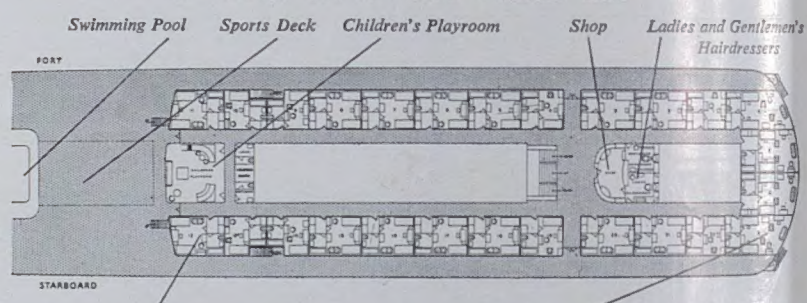

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